









SKETCHES  
OF  
CONTINENTAL EUROPE  
AND  
GREAT BRITAIN.

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BY W. W. NEWELL, D. D.

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# These Imperfect Records

OF

SCENES WITNESSED AND PLEASURES ENJOYED,

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

To his Companions in Travel.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
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W. W. NEWELL,

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# Continental Sketches.

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## NO. I.

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LONDON, May 7, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I sit down amid a whirl of sight seeing and sound hearing, to send you a word of London gossip.

We sailed from Boston for Liverpool on the 21st of last month, in the Royal Mail Steamship America. After a rough passage of twelve days, we stepped upon the soil of Old England with wonderful enthusiasm.—How much of this joy arose from escaping the horrors of the sea, I will not say. Our ride from Liverpool to London was a succession of delightful surprises. Such verdure and cultivation, such works of beauty, such hedges, lawns, cottages and castles. It seemed like fairy land. In London proper, every stone is a relic, and every house is a history. We found ourselves at night in an old aristocratic mansion built by Earl GREY, in the time of JAMES II. Our windows

opened upon the Thames. At night every describable craft was dancing over the waves amid the playing moon-beams, and the London Bridges gleamed forth in one blaze of gas light. I closed my eyes to wander in a maze of clanking chains, vizored knights and harshly grating doors, in London Tower.

At our first breakfast it was said, "The Queen holds her drawing room to-day, you must be sure and see her."

So we commenced our sight seeing in London with a view of the Queen, her Royal Consort, her Nobles and foreign Embassadors, accompanied by their ladies.

It was a gorgeous display. Prince ALBERT and the Queen appeared much like their portraits, good looking, good natured and happy. She is the plainest of the two, but seems to be wonderfully esteemed as a wife, mother and sovereign. We were told that she rose at six, breakfasted early, attended to her children, and spent much time in the open air. After the fatigues of the drawing room she took a long drive to Richmond, the residence of the Prince of Wales, and according to the next morning papers, was at the opera the same evening.

The most brilliant equipage in this grand

display, belonged to the French Ambassador, the Duke de Malakoff, formerly Marshal PELLISSIER. He is indeed a fine specimen of the "old soldier," but it is sad to see a man who has devoted brilliant talents, mighty energies and a long life to the study and practice of war.

It is sadder yet, to see the *eclat* which a warrior can earn in this noon of the 19th century. For since the death of HAVELOCK, the Duke de Malakoff is undoubtedly the most popular man in Western Europe.

Having a kind and characteristic letter from Dr. Cox to the Earl of Shaftsbury, I called at his house on Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock. He was engaged at his family devotions. As he is just now entering into a combination to overthrow the present Ministry, as he is presiding at many of the meetings at Exeter Hall, and as five men were at the moment in waiting, I was in doubt as to my reception. Soon, however, my name was announced. I entered his plain apartment, and found him one of the most genial, earnest, delightful men in the world. He spoke warmly of the great awakening in America. He said if but one thousand of the converts reported, should hold on their

course, it would be a wonderful work. He then spoke of the changes and restless enterprises even of old England, and said: "If the world continues at this rate, it must wear out in 20 years." He gave me a note that secured my admittance to Exeter Hall.

At the meeting of the Bible Society, 3000 persons left the Hall for the want of room.—By his appointment, we met the Earl at the House of Lords. He introduced the ladies to a seat, but the gentlemen must stand. In this most magnificent of all modern buildings, the accomodations for strangers is absolutely shabby. But the discussion was so intensely interesting that we forgot our weariness and remained during the entire session.

Lord EBURY, a low church man, proposed a commission for an alteration of the Liturgy of the church of England.

The expectation of this discussion, brought out the Bishops in full array.

Lord EBURY undertook to show: 1st, That an alteration was desired. 2d, That it was desirable. 3d, That such a change was constitutional. He created an evident sensation among the Bishops present, by repeating opinions which they had, on certain occasions, uttered in favor of some change.



He said that 4000 clergymen had petitioned for some change.

That on some occasions the service was too long, inappropriate and repetitions.

That three services were sometimes crowded into one.

That this wearied the attention of the clergymen, jaded the attention of the worshippers and led to formality in prayer.

He referred to the advantageous change in the American edition.

He called it an old production that needed amendment, and finally ventured the assertion that if any man should make such a Liturgy now, he would be considered deranged.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said in reply that by taking the course proposed, an apple of discord would be thrown into the church, the end of which it would be difficult to foresee.

The Bishop of St. David's admitted that the Liturgy was uninspired and imperfect, but he did not believe the measure proposed would secure the expected result.

Earl GREY thought the Liturgy stood highly in need of revision, and deeply regretted that men could not come to a common understanding in respect to it.

The Prime Minister, Earl of Derby, admitted that there were blemishes of expression in the beautiful Liturgy, but that any attempt to alter it would greatly shake the confidence of the public in its merits.

Earl GRANVILLE thought the arguments of Lord EBURY had not been answered, but at his suggestion the proposition for a commission was withdrawn.\*

Thus we heard the finest orators in the House of Lords, upon a most interesting occasion. Lord BROUGHAM was absent. MACAULEY was present, but was said to be suffering from disease of the heart.

Very Truly, Yours,

W. W. N.

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\* At a subsequent meeting of the House of Lords, it was agreed that the portion of Liturgy referring to Guy Fauk and Charles I, ought to be expunged.

## NO. II.

---

PARIS, May 15, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We left London with deep regret. Every day was filled with fresh wonders. But fearing the heat of Naples and the miasma of Rome, we left our heavy baggage in our new home and hastened away.

To reach the Depot, we were obliged to pass Temple Bar, St. Paul's Cathedral, London Bridge, and the most crowded portions of the old city. In Cheapside the vast procession stopped, and the pole of a heavy omnibus crushed through our carriage from behind. By the united verdict of the gathered throng, our escape from harm was miraculous.

We took the cars for Folkstone, an old harbor town, in sight of Dover. The channel was rough, and the boat was small. The stoutest passengers were ill; but, thanks to our "ocean life," we braved the waves like veteran sailors.

The first sight that attracted our attention, on nearing the coast of France, near Bou-

logne, was a colossal statue of NAPOLEON. It stands upon a column 164 feet high. It was erected in 1805, by an army of 200,000 men that BONAPARTE drew to this spot, for the purpose of invading England. There it stands in solitary grandeur, upon that bold, bleak hill, and there it will stand for ages to come, gazing out upon the boisterous straits and chalky hills of Old England.

We stopped at Boulogne to view the novelties of the first French town, and the wonders of these stupendous defenses. The streets, houses, carriages and costumes were all strange and disagreeable.

The wide beach was covered with bathing-houses, built on wheels, and drawn into the water by horses. The fish market was kept by women in the open sun. The fish were brought in baskets and thrown down upon a common pavement, on a wide sidewalk.— Women were bearing burdens upon their heads and driving goats and donkies.. On our way to Paris we saw them watching, as sentinels, on the Railroad, and laboring as men in the fields. Woman's sphere thus enlarged, is in the direction of barbarism.

Our Hotel, in this city, is in the rue de la Paix, close by the Colonne Vendome. This column is 135 feet high. The pedestal and

shaft are covered with bronze bas-reliefs, cast from 1200 pieces of Russian and Austrian cannon. The bas-reliefs represent the victories of NAPOLEON, from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The whole is surmounted by a statue of the Emperor in military costume. On the recent anniversary of NAPOLEON's death, his old companions in arms turned out in procession. For him every man of them had risked his life.

With him, either in Egypt, Syria, or Continental Europe, every one of them had met the fatigues of war, the rigors of climate, or the shocks of battle. And now their love for him was most affecting. With tottering steps and grey hairs and wrinkled faces and streaming tears, they all gathered around this cherished column, and each one hung his Pere La Chaise, or wreath of immortals, upon the railing or the eagles. And not a man can be found in Paris vile enough to disturb these affecting souvenirs.

On reaching this city our first inquiry was for the American Chapel and the Rev. Mr SEELY. We found the chapel had been dedicated on the previous Sabbath. The Protestant clergy of the city gave it an earnest welcome into their little circle of churches. It is a very pleasant building. Though dis-

tant from the centre, it is finely located near the Triumphal Arch. It is thought that the slips will be mostly occupied. All our friends speak very kindly of Mr. SEELY and his accomplished family. May God crown the enterprise with the richest prosperity.

Our minister, Mr. MASON, and several gentlemen of distinction, were in attendance on Sabbath morning.

In going from our Hotel to the Chapel we necessarily passed up the Champs Elysees.— In the afternoon the sidewalks were full, and that immense street, from Place de la Concorde to the Triumphal Arch, was literally crowded with carriages. To support one of these establishments, it is said there are Parisians who subsist on scanty food, and live in a garret.

Suddenly there was a rush from the sidewalk toward the street, and a cry of "L'Empereur!" and sure enough there he was driving at full speed, with an escort of horsemen before and behind. On our return from church they passed us again, on their way home. We see the Empress and her son almost daily.

In appearance, she is extremely beautiful and accomplished. But we never see her out in company with the Emperor. Indeed,

since the attempt on his life, in January, he is rarely out at all. I went round the other evening to the opera house, to see the tragical spot. Horsemen were stationed in the centre of the Boulevards. The avenue to the building was cleared by an immense guard. On turning the corner, I supposed the building was on fire. It was covered with lights, while from the portico, gas jets streamed forth like sheets of fire. The whole street was as light as day. Directly the Emperor, accompanied by his royal visitors, and a troop of horse, dashed up the avenue, and disappeared. He can never forget that spot.—Here his carriage was blown up, one of the horses was destroyed, great numbers were killed, and many more have since died of their wounds. The escape of the Emperor and Empress seemed to be miraculous; and there are liberty-loving men in Paris, who thank God for his deliverance, believing that his death at this time, would be a crushing calamity to the nation.

The energy and knowledge of the Police of Paris are astonishing. On the night of this tragedy, the conspirators all escaped; one of them was wounded while holding a bomb in his hand. He covered it with his handkerchief, laid it in a back alley, and reached his

lodgings. The next morning they were all in prison. Since that event, the espionage of Paris has been complete.

We supposed our own movements known only to ourselves and a few private friends. But much to our surprise we have received a note from the Minister of State, proffering to us some peculiar privileges.

We find that our name, profession and aims in traveling, are perfectly understood, and that when we leave the court of our Hotel, the eyes of the Police are upon us, until our return.

Yesterday we spent at Versailles. Taking the early train, we were there in season for breakfast.

You can imagine the weariness of our day's work, when you remember that in this old Palace of Louis XIV, there are six miles of statues and paintings.

But we were most interested in moving pictures. For upon one of the ground stairways, we met the Empress EUGENIE and the Queen of Holland face to face. They were engaged in spirited conversation and were accompanied by about twenty attendants.

As we stopped at the same Hotel, our ladies, who are fond of playing the Sovereign,



seated themselves for a moment in the Royal carriage.

In the Palace grounds there are vases, statues, fountains, lakes, flowers, shrubs, trees, lawns, groves, canals, triumphal arches, and miles of the smoothest walks. But what delighted us most of all were the grand and little Trianon. These gems of houses were in a retreat so secluded that we were hours in finding them. The stately Palace is deserted for these hidden buildings of a single story. Thus the magnificence of Royalty sighs for the quiet of private life. VICTORIA has her Balmoral; GEORGE IVth had his wooded nest; LOUIS PHILLIPPE had his Neuilly; JOSEPHINE her Malmaison; Louis XIV his Trianon.

Very truly, your friend,      W. W. N.

## NO. III.

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MEDITERRANEAN SEA, OFF GAETA, May 20, 1858,

DEAR FRIENDS—My last sketch was closed at Versailles. St. Cloud is two leagues from Paris, upon the same road.

Instead of the stately, deserted halls of LOUIS XIV, we found, at St. Cloud, all the comfort and elegance of a delightful home.—There is great variety in the grounds. There are very extensive water-falls, and upon the summit of a high hill, BONAPARTE erected an Athenian Tower, called "The Lantern of Diogenes." From this spot, is a most magnificent view of Paris, over the valley of the Seine and the woods of Boulogne. No wonder it is, and has been, such a favorite resort.

But it is no part of my plan to sketch Parks and Palaces. I must pass by "Notre Dame," the "Jardin des Plantes," the "Palais De L'Industrie," and a host of such interesting places, while I simply refer to several spots to which I was chained, by their tragic associations.

I stood in that room of the Louvre where CHARLES IX gave orders to commence the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, on the 24th of

August, 1572. It was not his voluntary act. He hesitated. The cold sweat ran down his face. "Are you a coward?" cried his fiend-like mother. "Well then, begin," cried CHARLES.

It was after midnight. In silence they gazed out into the darkness. The old church of St. Germain stood opposite. The great bell struck. The firing began. "Stop!" cried the youthful CHARLES. But it was too late. Other bells tolled out the fearful signal, and Catholic France rushed to the butchery. CHARLES himself seized his gun and hurried on the work of blood, till near 100,000 Protestants lay weltering in their gore. As I looked out upon that same old church, and heard that same old bell, I almost shuddered.

Close by this room, in the Louvre stands a little camp bed, that was used by NAPOLÉON in his wars. As I stood gazing upon it an Englishman near by exclaimed, "What a simple, narrow thing. It is just like WELINGTON'S. When he was asked how he could turn upon it, he said, 'When it is time to turn over, it is time to turn out.'" This sentence revealed a history.

It was not merely the great talents of these men that gave them success, but it was their industry, self-denial, persistence, and wise

adaptation of means to the end. And when, as christian men, we imitate these traits in their characters, traces of our influence will be left, not merely on canvass and in stone, but upon the *hearts and souls* of men, to be borne forever.

The Hotel des Invalides must not be omitted. It is an immense building, surmounted by a magnificent dome. It contains the tomb of BONAPARTE, a military church, and about 3,300 old soldiers. It was most affecting to see some of these old companions of the Emperor watching over his sacred dust. Here they show the relics and tell the tales of former days. As it was a festival day, we joined in the worship of these hoary-headed soldiers, with a strange and melancholy pleasure.

We were greatly attracted by the beauty of Pere La Chaise. This is the burial place of the aristocracy. It is crowded with monuments and covered with walks, flowers and trees. From the top of the hill the view is charming. Here are philosophers, statesmen, marshalls and princes. Here are LAFAYETTE and Marshall NEY. No monument marks the grave of NEY, but a profusion of flowers, wreaths and foliage show that he is fresh in the hearts of the people.

On our way into the city we passed the site of the old Bastile. In the place of this old feudal prison now stands the column of July. This column is 154 feet high and is surmounted by the genius of Liberty. It is to commemorate the Revolution of 1830, and the corner-stone was laid by LOUIS PHILLIPE. Upon the pedestal are 615 names of martyrs of liberty. The martyrs who overthrew the throne of this same LOUIS PHILLIPE in '48, are also gathered here.

The fall of LOUIS PHILLIPE was the result of his own madness. He would not learn.— With the force of arms he resists the right of public meeting and free discussion. A mighty people rise in their majesty, and he is swept from the throne. I sought out the avenue by which he escaped from the Tuilleries. One day he is the proudest and richest monarch in continental Europe; he wields a sceptre studded with diamonds; he speaks, and millions do him homage. Another day and we see him rushing along this pathway, escaping for his life. While he is fleeing the widow of his eldest son, the Duchess of Orleans, goes on foot, from the Tuilleries to the Legislative Hall, with her two sons, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres. While standing in this Hall, I seemed to see the excited

throng. M. DUPIN moves that the Count of Paris be proclaimed King, under the regency of his mother. A voice from the gallery cries, "It is too late!" LAMARTINE and others oppose. LEDRU ROLLIN declares that the people must decide. Armed men are now rushing into the Hall, and the Duchess and her sons, with great difficulty, escape. And thus, in one day, the last vestige of this wonderful family is swept from the throne and the soil of France.

We left Paris for the south on Saturday morning. We found Lyons the second city in France. It contains 200,000 people. The old town is hideous. Some parts of the stone built city are charming. We climbed the hill Fourviere, that hangs over the town 630 feet high. In the hazy distance were the Alps. At our feet the rivers Rhone and Saone glided through the town. Here the sunny stream and the "Alpine flood" unite their waters. Here POLYCARP toiled and preached and died for Christ, and 1,900 christians, in the 2d century, suffered martyrdom at one time, under SEPTIMUS SEVERUS. The country around Lyons is rich, cultivated and beautiful. As we passed down the banks of the Rhone, we were constantly reminded of the banks of the Hudson.

At Avignon, while dreaming over the dungeons of the Inquisition and dreading the gloom of Italy, I was addressed in a familiar tongue. It was a cordial to my soul. I found that three most agreeable gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia, were to be our companions to Naples.

Marseilles, the third city in France is a busy, disagreeable place. Not only the town, but its long narrow harbor, seemed crowded to suffocation. But even here the children found one thing very agreeable—the streets were filled with the finest oranges, cheaper than bread.

Having had a rough and tedious voyage across the Atlantic, we all dreaded our excursion upon the Mediterranean. To avoid being out on the Sabbath we took this French steamer from Marseilles to Naples.—We pushed out of the harbor in the evening, thinking of fogs and collisions, of storms and sea sickness. But of all sea voyages, this proved the most agreeable. The moon came out delightfully, and neither clouds, winds, or waves disturbed our progress.

All this is the good providence of God.—In this connection we cannot but remember the self denying efforts we have made to

keep the Sabbath, and we conclude it is safe to obey God.

On our first morning out we discovered Corsica. We sailed along by its snow-covered hills, poetizing about the birth and boyhood of the great hero who seemed to meet us everywhere.

We have traveled more than 800 miles through the kingdom of France and everywhere from Boulogne to Marseilles we saw statues, paintings, engravings, traces and memorials of this same *one man*. And here we meet him on the sea. Next came Elba, but soon the dim shadows of the night appropriately shrouded from our view its sombre outlines. Amid these dim shadows we and our agreeable friends sung, in minor keys, the songs of our childhood. This sweet harmony fed our sentimentalism and quickened our dreams.

But here comes Italy. Italy! The fairy land of the young scholar's dream. The bay of Naples! The gorgeous morning sun is shining upon the almost circular city upon the left. The beautiful Island of Capri is on our right, and the towering, majestic, ever-smoking Vesuvius is directly before us. We have reached the Southern limit of our tour, and in this one magnificent view we are



abundantly repaid for all its toil and sorrow  
and expense.

Very truly yours,

W. W. N.

## NO. IV.

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NAPLES, May 25, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I must describe to you our landing in this new kingdom. With some variety, it is said to be the ordeal we must pass in every petty dominion. Our steamer anchored in the bay of Naples. In the confusion of landing, we lost sight of our friends. There are said to be half a million of people in this city. Nearly half that number seemed to be thronging the mole.—We were surrounded by a sea of boats. The boatmen, in unknown dialect, were vociferating to each other and clamoring for our baggage.

We entered one of these boats and succeeded in reaching the pier. In this crowd we were obliged to leave our trunks while we were marched off, by officials, to the government station, there to answer to our name, age and profession, according to the passport system of the kingdom.

On regaining our baggage a host of menials rushed forward to convey it to the Custom House. Here we overtook our friends and agreed upon our hotel. Here our bag-

gage was all opened and examined. The officials bowed and winked with an evident design. Then came an explosion between them and the guides.

The baggage was at last upon the carriage and we were ready to start. During all this time we had settled with some dozen different persons. We knew not what we ought to give them, and in this strange coin, we know not what they really received.

But now we are ready. A few carlino to the screeching, jostling beggars and we dash away to the Hotel De La Grande Bretagne. We found our friends enjoying most delightful apartments in an old marble palace, overlooking the bay.

In the afternoon we looked down from our balcony upon the most beautiful drive in Europe. The Chiaja was full of carriages. Between us and the bay was nothing but this street and the Villa Reale, a promenade "shaded with orange trees, myrtles and acacias, sparkling with fountains and adorned with marble statues and vases, gleaming through the foliage." In Paris and London there are more extensive drives, but here the foliage is sweeter, thicker and more enduring. Other cities have wider and longer streets and

promenades, but they have no bay, no Capri, no Mediterranean, no Vesuvius. The streets leading back upon the hill are, many of them, dark, crooked and narrow.

Here we hear the loudest voices and see the most energetic acting. At meeting, *one* makes a most graceful bow, with hat in hand, or kisses his friend on each cheek. *One* plays a bag-pipe, and numbers dance around him. *One* sings a song in the most impassioned manner, and to your utter astonishment stabs himself with a dagger, and falls to the ground. *One* asks a carline more than you are willing to give, and he gesticulates as if the world was coming to an end. *One* asks charity with a whine that startles you with the idea that he is breathing his last. Others meet in carriages, and, in the most spirited manner, they gesticulate with head, hands and fingers. Crowds gather around minstrels and jugglers and all Naples is in motion. The King of Naples was not to be seen. He keeps himself at Gaeta. He seems to be thoroughly hated by one class of his subjects. The promised constitution has been abandoned, the monasteries have been re-established by the influence of the Pope, the people have been subjected by an Austrian army, and the King of Naples rules by force. He fears his own

subjects. He is also said to fear lest LOUIS NAPOLEON should restore to the throne of Naples, the family of MURAT, their former King. He is said to be a thoroughly miserable man.

We visited the Camaldoli Convent. I speak of it because most travelers pass by it. It is about five miles from Naples. The ladies rode on Donkeys about three miles up a circuitous ascent, under overhanging trees, vines, ivy and flowers. The view surpasses every thing of the kind that I ever saw. It is beauty itself. Here at one sight you have the plains and the hills, the sea, the bay, the islands and Vesuvius. Here are twenty six men who profess to be shut out from the world. Their dress is a double thickness of white woolen, with a small hood of the same.

They took us into a little unoccupied room, cold, hard and comfortless. The ladies were forbidden to approach the convent on pain of excommunication from the Holy Catholic Church. As they were not ready for such anathemas and were unwilling to trouble the Pope, they passed 'round the hill to a fine look-out. We entered the church and twenty-six Monks were engaged in religious service, without a listener.

There is another Convent of the same description across the bay. We turned away sick at heart.

The great Museum of Naples is entirely unique.

It contains a specimen of every movable thing in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The historic associations were so affecting that we could scarcely leave the place. But at Pompeii we were enchanted. It is twelve miles around the Bay, over the base of Vesuvius.

We wandered mournfully over these public buildings, deserted, and these narrow streets of the dead. Six-tenths of the city is yet entombed. We walked a mile over this herculean grave, amid flowers and vines and waving grain.

We saw the house of SALLUST, with its white stucco, its fresh paintings and its fine mosaics. The bedrooms are about the size of a steam-boat's state rooms.

We saw the garden, where the rich DIOMEDE and his gold were found, and the cellar to which his wife, daughter and servants fled.— There upon the wall is the impress of their skeleton forms.

The next day we were at Baiæ, ten miles from Naples, on the shores of the Mediterra-

nean. In this region is Lake Avernus, with its floating stone. It is deep enough for the largest vessels. MURAT, BONAPARTE's King of Naples, left millions of money for a ship canal to Avernus. After more than forty years a few men are lazily at work.

In this region we entered a dark, deep cave. As we advanced 'round and down into the bowels of the earth, we came to a sluggish, muddy stream. And, as old Charon, with his grizzly beard and blackened face and lighted torch, stooped to bear us on his back over the river Styx, the whole classic romance of my boyhood came thronging over me, and I exulted in the realization of my childish dreams.

We lingered long and lovingly around VIRGIL's tomb, the temple of Jupiter Serapis, the internal and elysian abodes of the Poet, and many other places of interest, to the scholar, the historian and the geologist.

But I was most of all moved when at Puteoli. (Pozzuoli) I stood upon the very spot where St. Paul is said to have landed, on his way to Rome. Having left Syracuse and Rhegium, he says "after one day the south wind blew and we came the next day to Puteoli." I seemed to see him step upon

that bank. I found traces of the old Appian way, on which I followed him in spirit, toward Rome. I contrasted my own trials with his shipwrecks, stripes and sufferings for Christ, and I resolved never again to complain of hardship.

Very truly, your friend,

W. W. N.



## NO. V.

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### VESUVIUS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You are so familiar with Vesuvius, I had intended to pass it. But I find it subject to wonderful freaks—find it in a state of terrific activity. This was the spot, of all others in Europe, that I most desired to see. And, now, my soul is so full of it, that I can neither think, dream, nor speak of anything else.

We were told in Paris, that at Naples we should find three things—Fleas, Priests and Lazzaroni. We find three other things—the Bay, the City and Vesuvius. But the awe and fascination of the whole is Vesuvius. Wherever you are, you turn to behold it. At Pompeii, Terre del Greco and Herculaneum, you behold the fury of its awful desolation. Miles the other side of Naples we find hot vapor baths connected with Vesuvius. The volcanic heat in these closed rooms is so excessive that we can endure it but a few moments at a time. At the Grotto del Cane we see a dog immersed in a stratum of carbonic acid gas issuing from the ground. He stands a moment, gasps, falls,

and apparently dies. In this region is a running stream of warm sulphurous water.— Here is the solfatara, (the Forum Vulcani,) where the hollow ground trembles beneath your feet, and sulphurous vapors are issuing from every crevice. Above all, here is Monte Nuovo, a perfectly formed cone, four hundred and fifty feet high, thrown up during one night in 1538. At every step, fire, water, air and time have left the ruin of their footprints.

But now for the mountain itself. Our open phaeton, with three horses abreast, stands at the door. The ladies descend to the Court Yard. Twenty men, with hats in hand, bow obsequiously. At a given signal, we all together rush into the carriage. We throw a few coin behind us, and with the whole crowd in motion we are off for Vesuvius.

At Resina, some two miles 'round the bay, we commence the ascent. We bless the King of Naples for a perfectly smooth carriage-way up this precipitous mountain, to the Hermitage. It is the only good thing we ever heard of him. This part of the ascent is truly charming. We revel in enchanted scenery, the air is balmy, the sea is calm and majestic. The bay is a bright and

azure mirror. On its borders, in the most rank and luxurious verdure, lies Naples, sparkling like a brilliant gem. From the Hermitage the ladies ride upon donkies about a mile to the base of the cone. The cone is covered with heavy pieces of lava, and seems almost perpendicular. The ascent occupies an hour and a half. One of the ladies with guides upon each side and one in front with a strap over his shoulder to help her up, suffers extremely.

On reaching the edge of the crater the scene is terrific. It is nearer the infinite than anything I ever beheld. I have seen vast mountains and stupendous water-falls, but this is something more and greater. It is a dark, mysterious combination.

As we stand in that crater, the darkness of night has stolen over us ; sulphurous gas is rising around us ; hot lava is everywhere exuding ; yawning crevices are everywhere opening beneath our feet, and there before us is that stupendous cone of sulphur, fire and smoke streaming up into the heavens above. In the awful grandeur and fascination of the scene, we forget the world, some four thousand feet below us. We mind not the semi-barbarous horde that are clamoring for gold, and may at any moment rob

us. We heed not the rising moon, the dark clouds and driving wind.

As we stand by the edge and look down into that gulf of liquid fire boiling up from the bowels of the earth, *we are alone with God in his terrible fury.* For a moment we are diverted. A hat is driven by a blast of wind directly into the flames. To our utter amazement one of the guides dashes down into the gulf. He emerges with his treasure, like a spirit reeking hot from the sulphurous fires of the bottomless pit.

As we turn slowly away, while still in the crater and but a few yards from the streaming fire, suddenly there is an explosion under our feet. Like the firing of a thousand cannon, one stream of red hot stones and cinders goes flying up, and comes arching down upon the very spot where we had stood, like ten thousand times ten thousand rockets.—For a time I am transfixed in utter amazement, then dropping all that I hold, I scream aloud and clap my hands in an exstasy of delight.

The trouble of descending depends very much upon the time of year, and the time of day. A distinguished writer tells us that on descending he found the whole cone covered with ice.

“The way down being perfectly steep and none of the party being able to keep their feet, the ladies are taken out of their litters and placed each between two careful persons. One of the party, a heavy gentleman, resolves to go down as he went up, upon a litter borne by fifteen guides. In this order we begin to descend. Somebody from behind is constantly falling and clinging to somebody's ankles. Some one of the litter-bearers is always down and the heavy gentleman's legs are always in the air. We have gone on thus but a little way, stopping and sliding, and falling, when the head guide stumbles, falls and plunging away headforemost, rolls over and over, down the whole surface of the cone. It is a sickening sight. I see him there in the moonlight—I have had such a dream often—skimming over the white ice like a cannon ball. Another cry and a man with spare cloaks comes rolling past. And then at the same frightful speed, closely follows a boy. We find them at the bottom bruised and stunned, giddy and bloody—mere bundles of rags. On reaching Resina, we find one of a party of French gentlemen, who were on the mountain at the same time, is lying on some straw in the stable with a broken limb, looking like death and suffering great torture.”

This experience is to warn travelers against Vesuvius in winter. We have no such trouble. The ashes upon the side of the mountain where we descend are ankle deep. Taking the arm of a guide we slide down at full

speed, in just eight minutes. At the bottom we find our torches, eggs and Donkies. At the Hermitage there are at least fifty lazaroni and guides, crowding, screaming and begging in a darkness and confusion, worse than bedlam itself. We emerge from this savage horde, fold our arms, fall back in the carriage, and yield ourselves up to the most sublime and absorbing sensations. We reach our hotel at midnight, too weary to sleep and too grateful to complain.

Very truly yours,

W. W. N.

## NO. VI.

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ROME, May 29, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In my last letter I supposed I had dismissed Vesuvius. But Vesuvius will not be dismissed. It is a living mountain—it breathes—and its every breath is enchantment. It fascinated the Elder PLINY and killed him with its poisonous breath. It has locked up sweet vallies and rich cities in a dungeon so deep and desolate that they will never see the sun again. Its ashy clouds have blotted out the sun from the face of men an hundred miles away.

Twenty-eight hours after the date of my last letter from Naples, the city and the mountain were visited by an earthquake. The scientific clock at the Hermitage stopped at 16 minutes past 4 in the morning. Strange sounds were heard in Vesuvius. As the Italian professor said—"The mountain was very troublous." Directly the crust of the cone burst open and there was a new eruption. These eruptions continued to occur until there were three prominent streams of lava. And what will be remembered as an era in the history of this volcano, the erup-

tions did not occur in the crater at all, but near the base of the cone. During the day an English gentleman and his little daughter visited the crater. Suddenly an explosion is heard and a stream of lava is running directly between them and the living throng behind. All communication seemed to be cut off. In a tremor of anxiety the wife and mother sat alone at the Hermitage. Sundown came, 9 o'clock came, midnight came, but *they came not*. Finally they entered the room. Many long and weary miles had they wandered 'round and down the mountain, until they reached Pompeii, some ten or twelve miles distant. All communications with the crater being now cut off, our friends who did not ascend with us were obliged to content themselves with a view of the new eruption. Sometimes the river of fire would flow some four miles an hour; sometimes it would burst with explosive force through a part of the stream already encrusted.

This eruption occasioned great excitement among the neighboring inhabitants. It was not so much *fear* as *curiosity*. At Naples, we were just through with what they call "Mad Day."

The country around poured through the city; they had kept the day some 50 miles



distant, spending the night at a shrine. The city was filled with vehicles—not merely the elegant carriage, but the one-horse gig, upon which ten or twelve persons would somehow contrive to hang. In addition to these some 200,000 people were said to be walking the streets. The country was just becoming quiet, when this eruption moved them again.

Though vineyards are desolated and houses are burned, they are not alarmed. Our village stands upon a spot said to have been buried six times. Easily and literally they seem to adopt the language of the Psalmist—“Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the fires (waters) thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swellings thereof. Selah.”

During our long and lovely sail down the Mediterranean, we made the acquaintance of a fine young man from Edinburgh. His father was Swiss, his mother was English.—They had been married at Florence. They lived in France. The young man was born at Nice, and was a student of Theology at Edinburgh. He was exceedingly accomplished in the modern languages. He had accompanied us in our travels about Naples.—

He had endeared himself to us by his refinement and principles. He had essentially served us in this Babel of tongues. His father was settled as a Protestant Clergyman, in the South of France.

He told us many stories of hardships and persecution endured for Christ, in that Kingdom. But the people were firm, and religion prospered.

But we were now to part. Leaving our very agreeable friends from America, who persisted in calling themselves JONES, BROWN and SMITH, we rode down to the wharf.—Once more we started forth alone.

On our way to Rome we took a French steamer to Civita Vecchia. We preferred this mode of travel. We loved the old blue sea—it washed the shores of Egypt and Palestine, of Italy and Greece. Sailors were upon its bosom in the times of SOLOMON and JONAH and HANNIBAL, centuries before they braved the Atlantic.

During the day the weather had been rough. As we passed out by Capri, into the open sea, we met a terrible storm. The Neapolitan steamer put back. But on we went, pitching and rolling the whole night long. The water was sometimes knee deep on deck. Sometimes it would dash down

among the dwellers of the cabin, creating no little noise and stir in those regions. Thunder, lightning, hail and wind. It was a fearful night. We thought of PAUL on his way to the same city. And when the morning was come, "we took bread and gave thanks to God."

At Civita Vecchia an old English resident at Rome, piloted us through the intricate and barbarous formalities of entering the Papal dominions. As the Diligence pays no attention to the wants of travelers, or the arrival of the boat, it had just departed. We procured another, for our party. After some hours delay we were posting off for Rome. It is forty-eight miles. For many years they have been at work upon a Railroad, but there seems to be no prospect of its completion.— During the whole distance we scarcely saw an inhabited house. The situation of the ground, with its finely swelling hills, is most delightful. But it is uncultivated, cursed and deserted. At one place we were attracted by the appearance of about one hundred persons, whom we found breaking up the soil and hoeing a single acre of corn, while some of the interminable pastures were covered with white oxen.

The sun was now setting. We were just

settling down into a sad dream over the desolations of this vast burial ground, when suddenly the cry is heard, "The Dome of St. Peters." We could scarcely sit or wait. We passed directly under its mammoth shadow, crossed the Yellow Tiber, and went to *our home in Rome.*

Very truly your friend.

W. W. N.

## NO. VII.

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ROME, June 1, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS : —

"Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?

A thrilling voice replies, "Thou art in Rome!

Thou art in Rome! once mistress of the world!"

And am I here?

Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,  
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,  
Glowing with Roman story, I should live  
To tread the Appian Way, to pass the Tiber,  
And beyond the city gate."

The evening of our first day at Rome was spent at the Coliseum. It was our last opportunity of viewing it by moonlight. Wishing to spend several hours alone we dismissed our carriage. On beholding this majestic ruin we were translated, at once, to the proudest days of the Imperial city

Whatever doubts might arise about other relics, tombs and ruins, *here* there could be no deception. This building was erected by Vespasian, 72 years after Christ. Here was an elliptical wall, once one hundred and eighty feet high, covering and enclosing four acres of ground. Narrow galleries ranged around and back from the centre to the top. The soil of its arena had been soaked a thousand times with human blood.— An hundred thousand Romans had looked

down, in fiendish exultation, upon these barbarous exhibitions.

Such were our reflections as we lifted our hats to the guard and entered the enclosure. Passing across the dark arena, we sat down upon a crumbling wall. As we sat and thought and gazed into the darkness, martyrs, clothed in white, and wild beasts seemed to emerge from the opposite arches. The hundred thousand seemed to be hushed by the raging conflict. And now the wild beasts seemed to growl over the christian heroes, prostrate in their gore, and now the clamor of an hundred thousand voices and the tumult of an hundred thousand retreating footsteps seemed to die away in the distance.

The delusion is past. The light of the moon is climbing up these fractured arches. It reveals broken passages and mouldering stairways, hanging grass and blooming flowers. The tide of life is gone. There are no beings here but the owl, the bat, the lizard, and one lone, hidden hermit.

The distant bells are tolling out the hour of midnight. We are far out of the inhabited city, a mile and a half from our hotel. Foul robberies have been committed here. We send for a carriage, but no carriage can be found. We pass out. Nothing can be seen

but the still and dismal ruins of old, dilapidated Rome. Where lies our way? Each of the party points in different directions.—We cannot go four ways. We elect a Pope, and follow his commands. We reach the narrow, dirty, crooked streets of the city.—With dim light and no sidewalks we grope along. Every straggler is accosted in French, but there is no response. At length we pass a gentlemanly young man. He lifts his hat to our salutation. He replies in French, and offers his services as guide. And thus, at length, we reach the court-yard of our hotel and the close of our first day in Rome.

Since the first day we have secured our carriage and kept our guide. We have seen some odd things.

In the church Ara Coeli, near the Capitol, there is a little wooden figure of the infant Saviour, said to have been carved by a monk and painted by St. LUKE. It inherited from Dr. LUKE the miraculous power of healing, and receives more fees than any physician in Rome. As the priest uncovered this little Santissimo Bambino, all decked with jewels and finery, he kissed it, and with awe whispered "This makes all the people well."—"Then you monks never die in this church."

The absurdity struck him and he really laughed outright.

We have been fortunately here on one of the great days of the church. We witnessed a gorgeous parade from under one of the Colonnades of St. Peter's. The procession of boys, monks, priests, cardinals, Pope and soldiers, was more than an hour in passing us. The next day we found men scraping the floor of the church, which was literally covered with the wax and tallow that streamed from the lighted candles that many of them carried. The saddest sight of all was those little boys, trained from their very infancy to all the formalities of the church. They do not reason, they are simply taught to believe. Hence an absurdity or a miracle is to them a reality. They are never to know the comforts of family and social ties.

Mr. CASS is out of the city, and as our American service is held in a room under his roof, the Chapel is at present closed. Rev. Mr. HALL, the officiating clergyman, is spending the summer in Geneva. One of the congregation informed us that over one hundred persons are often in attendance here.

The clergyman of the English Chapel is also absent. The young man officiating in his place would be thought, in America, to be



greatly wanting in point and power as a preacher.

We visited the Studios of some American artists. We had known Mr. THOMPSON and Mr. TERRY in former days. They have richly earned the reputation and patronage they enjoy. No countryman of theirs will ever be ashamed of their paintings. We also admired the beautiful statuary of Mr. IVES, formerly of New Haven.

With a sad delight we gazed upon the wonderful productions of the lamented CRAWFORD. His genius still presides in that Studio. It is full of workmen, finishing and re-producing his works. And as great artists do not labor at the chisel, we do not see why the work of re-production may not go on for ages. His bereaved family will soon be here to spend two years.

When standing by the graves of KEATS and SHELLEY, in the beautiful grounds just outside these walls, I felt that the great representative of American genius should rest there.—CRAWFORD *at Rome!* But his own country claims the dust of her gifted son. The world of art will cherish his name.

Truly Yours,

W. W. N.

## NO. VIII.

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ROME, June 8, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS :—Rome is a wilderness of art and ruin. The descriptions which I have read of this city have always failed to give me a definite idea of relative localities. We have graphic views of remarkable places, but where are they? In the brief sketches I have time to make I have certainly no expectation of better success. And yet there are certain places here which seem to be representative localities. We have, first, the Rome of the Consuls. From the Palace of the Cæsars, which is the high ground of the ancient city, we have a splendid view of old Rome. Here was the grandeur of ancient Rome. We see the Coliseum and the Capitol. Between these buildings is an immensely wide space, half a mile long. In the middle of this pathway of ruins, ran the Via Sacra. Let us traverse this way. We stand in the centre of the Coliseum. We stand by a large cross. Toward evening a mysteriously dressed company are seen passing through the forms of a most remarkable service. All who kiss this cross are promis-

ed an indulgence for one hundred days. On passing out, we find a cross upon a marble slab, with promises to the one who kisses it of an indulgence for two hundred and forty days. As we see persons kissing these crosses, the thought arises how easily this indulgence is gained, and then arise the questions, has it the sanction of God? is it from the Bible? As we pass from the Coliseum we come at once to the arch of Constantine. It stands over an old street leading off to the left. This is one of the largest and best preserved arches in Rome. In its multitudinous sculptural designs there is a rich history for the Antiquarian.

We pass up the gentle ascent of the Via Sacra, to the arch of Titus. It is composed of Grecian marble and is considered the most simple and beautiful arch in the old city. Here a procession of Jews is represented, in bas-relief bearing the silver trumpets and the golden candlesticks. These instruments correspond with the description of Josephus. As we proceed on our straight way to the Forum, we have upon our left a high hill. Here was the Palace of the Cæsars. It is one mile around the top of this hill. Here is every description of foliage and ruin. Here are ivy and vegetables.

vines and stucco, cypresses and frescoes all jumbled together in motley confusion. As we return to our road and resume our way, we find the peasants feeding their teams of white oxen. Upon the right are the granite fronts of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustini, the arches of the temple of Peace, and the ruins of the temple of Venus. And here, says our guide, is the Roman Forum. NAPOLEON has excavated the earth from a portion of this space, to the depth of fifteen feet. We look down, and behold the Via Sacra appears again, running directly under the great arch of Septimus Severus. Here also, are three magnificent columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and eight Corinthian columns of the Temple of Concord.— At the base of the Capitol on the right, we enter the Mamertine dungeon, where Jugurtha was starved and where the Apostle was said to have been confined by Nero. We drink from a spring said to have been miraculously formed at that time. On rising the graded pathway of the Capitol hill we find a square, with a distinct building on three different sides. In the centre is a fine equestrian statue of Aurelius. Here we love to linger. Here are the most numerous and authentic vestiges of old Rome. Here the

old traditions of our school days are pictured on canvass. Here Romulus and Remus are nursing the old bronze wolf. One of her legs is broken. It was said to have been shattered by a stroke of lightning on the night of Cæsar's death. Here is the Dying Gladiator. Here, among multitudes more, are the most reliable busts of Brutus, Cæsar and Tully, of Horace, Virgil and Sallust, and we seem to see their movements and hear their speeches. This is the Rome of the Consuls.

It is still in its lonely grandeur, but as we look and think, majestic buildings rise up before us, triumphal processions wind around under the arches, and Orators, Poets and conquerors crowd the Forum. In leaving this Rome of the ancients, we pass through a garden of flowers, and stand upon a precipice of some fifty feet. This is the Tarpeian Rock where criminals were destroyed.

We will now pass round the banks of the Tiber to the next side of the city. We stand upon the bridge of St. Angelos. Here is the Rome of the Popes. On the opposite bank of the Tiber stands a grand circular building. It was erected upon the ruins of Hadrian's Tomb, and is now a fortified castle, the Castle of St. Angelo. Upon the top there stands

a giant figure of the Archangel MICHAEL, sheathing his sword. Just beyond this castle rises the Dome of St. Peters. After walking about half a mile through narrow and dirty streets, we come to an open space. Here is a paved court closed in by semi-circular colonnades, supported by four rows of immense columns. In the centre of this court there rises an Egyptian Obelisk, a single shaft of red granite, eighty three feet high. Two fountains throw up their jets of silvery spray, sixty feet from the ground:— And before us stands St. Peters! St. Peters! built by forty three Popes, in 350 years, at a cost of fifty millions of dollars. We ascend the steps, push aside the curtain door, and what a spectacle! What a burst of stupendous vastness and magnificent splendor. We are transfixed to the spot. We scarcely breathe. Six hundred feet long, four hundred feet wide and four hundred feet high. I had little idea of the interior, and I can give you none whatever—you must see it. I had heard that an hundred good sized churches could be stowed away beneath its roof. I knew that there were chapels, pillars, tombs, statues and mosaics. But I had expected to see more open space, like a church. Front of the entrance, in the far distance, are 112

lights, around the vault of St. PETER, glittering, as SHELLEY has said, "like a swarm of golden bees." There we see a canopy over the high altar ninety three feet high. There are four pillars, each as large as a church, on which the Dome rests. There in the far distance behind, is a space fitted up for religious service, and open chapels are ranged around the sides of the building. Some persons are kissing the great toe of St. PETER. Some are engaged in a religious service, some are kneeling before a monument, some are gazing up into the dome; and it seems like a great museum, church and cemetery, all together.

We will now ascend to the Dome. There are no stairs, but a regular grade to the roof of the building—a plane so inclined that loaded donkies may pass to the roof. Here we find a large space with small buildings, cupolas and fountains. We now commence our winding way to the top of the Dome. On reaching the summit we step within a door, and behold a revelation too much for ordinary nerves—our limbs tremble like the knees of BELSHAZZAR. We hang by a narrow railing, four hundred feet, directly over the pavement below. The officiating Priesthood look like gaudily dressed little children walk-

ing and kneeling. The organ peal comes up like the music of a distant sphere. We begin now to comprehend something of the stupendous outlines of this most magnificent of all earth's buildings. We ascend upon the outside to the foot of the ball. It is a gorgeous day. We sit down in silence and take in a view, the remembrance of which will never, never fade. The winding Tiber, the distant Mediterranean, the vast and desolate Campagna, the Sabine and Alban hills, the far off Appenines. And above all, *Rome!* — Rome, as we now see it through the eyes of the body, Rome, as we see it through the eyes of the mind. Rome, in all the splendor of the Augustine age, with its wastes covered with Palaces, Pillars and Temples. Rome, as HORACE, PAUL and NERO saw it. As we gaze from this summit of earth's greatness, we seem to stand upon the summit of earth's desire. — It is too grand for one view, it is too much for one day.

Very truly yours,

W. W. N.



## NO. IX.

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ROME, June 6, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I closed my last sketch upon the top of St. Peter's. Having constantly been reminded, by the appearance of French soldiers, of the last subjugation of Rome, in 1849, and having been at the time deeply interested in the particulars of that event, I sought out the place of their first attack. I found it at the right of this church, as we passed out in front. The French assailed the walls at the base of the Janiculum. In two places the walls were entirely overthrown. Here the first battle was fought, and here the French rushed into the city.—The second battle was fought in a valley near to St. Peter's. Bombs were also thrown into the city from the top of Mount Maria. St. Peter's was much bruised by the balls, and we saw where many holes had been made in the roof by French cannon.

On the left of St. Peter's, as we passed out, we found the Sistine Chapel, and the Palace, Museum and grounds of the Vatican. We will not trouble you to pass with us through the Vatican, for there are more than two

hundred stairways and many long galleries. There are 4,222 apartments, measuring many miles in length. Here is a most splendid and extensive collection of statuary, paintings, tapestries, frescoes, books, curiosities, Etruscan antiquities, and christian relics. Here are the finest productions of MICHAEL ANGELO, RAPHAEL, TITIAN and CANOVA. A good view of the whole occupies days, and the simplest description makes a small library.

In some of the rooms of the Vatican there is an extensive establishment for the manufacture of Mosaics. We were received with great politeness by the Superintendent, and saw the several artists at their work. Instead of stones, they use enamels, made for the purpose. There are more than ten thousand different tints. They are ground to the requisite size and inserted in a kind of cement. This work demands taste, time and judgment. From twelve to twenty years are often occupied in the production of a single picture. At a little distance they resemble the most exquisite paintings. But while paintings perish, Mosaics are expected to endure to the end of time.

We saw the Pope, for the first time, in the Sistine Chapel. Before his appearance, ANTONETTI, the Pope's Prime Minister, and the

Cardinals entered the chapel. They were known by their long trails, and their purple and scarlet robes. We have since become quite familiar with their countenances. The Pope has a large figure, a good face and a fine voice. He has the appearance of an agreeable old gentleman. He seems to have more amiableness than energy. The services consisted in reading, loud singing, swinging censors, a brief discourse and a kind of pantomime, in which boys, Priests, Cardinals and Pope took part. All this was the more difficult and singular, from the fact that the Pope's cap and robes were put off and on, and the long trails of the Cardinals were carried and adjusted by many attendants.

The next time we saw the Pope he was carried upon a kind of staging, in a great procession. A great fan was borne upon each side of him. As this staging rests upon the shoulders of men, it is very unsteady.—The Pope's head sways to and fro, his eyes are closed and he seems sick and giddy. As he passed, the guard seemed to be in a perpetual phrenzy at the sight of so many covered and sitting heretics. All classes are expected to kneel.

Some of our party next met the Pope on the Campagna, just outside the walls. He

was walking in front of his carriage. The driver of our party was greatly excited.— Turning the carriage from the road, he leaped to the ground, and with head uncovered, dropped upon his knees. He earnestly besought the company to do the same. The ladies, however, kept their seats; the gentlemen alighted and their salutation was politely returned, with a blessing from his Holiness.

We visited the Palace on Quirinal Hill, from which the Pope fled to Gaeta in 1849. Here we found a curious organ, carried by a water-fall. The rooms of the Palace seemed grand, but sad and forlorn. The Pope must eat alone. According to a mistaken law, he has no social and family ties. Since 1849 he has abandoned this Palace for the Vatican.— He is now near to the fortified castle of St. Angelo. There is a covered gallery running from the Palace to the fortress. We enjoyed the unusual privilege of inspecting the grounds of the Pope in the vicinity of the Vatican. Here the Pope not only walks, but rides on horseback.

Here we found immense rows of box and orange trees, higher than our heads. The air was loaded with the sweet perfumery of blossoms. Eastern splendor could not boast a more luxuriant odor. We passed up the

wooded hill among covered dells and hidden fountains. On our return to the buildings of the Vatican, the children were amused by a funny surprise. But the amusement was not confined to the children. Foreign travel makes us all children. We are all young again. Upon the terrace of the Navicella, we found a bronze ship in a large fountain. Suddenly, the waters poured forth upon us from every part of this ship. As we stepped back, it streamed up into our faces from the ground. To escape it, we ran up on to the terrace above. Hearing a great outcry behind us, we looked back and those in our rear were covered with streams coming out of the stairs. While exulting in our own escape, the water issued from the ground where we stood, and encircled us all in its mischievous arches. With this little Italian frolic, we will leave the Vatican, and bid adieu to the Rome of the Popes.

Upon the opposite side of the city, a mile and a half from St. Peter's, we find the Piazza di Spagna, a triangular area with a fountain in the centre. This is the Rome of Foreigners. At one end is the College of the Propaganda. I called here twice with some distinguished Americans. This institution is to educate youth from foreign lands, who prom-

ise to disseminate the doctrines of the Catholic religion in their native country. There are usually about sixty young men, supported by the funds of this institution. At their exhibitions, each young man delivers an address in his native language. On other sides of this triangle are libraries, reading rooms, banks, hotels, coffee-houses and print shops, for the especial benefit of foreigners. Here the English and Americans may be seen. We pass up from the Piazza di Spagna one hundred and thirty steps; on these steps we always meet a beggar who is called the Torso. He seems to have no legs. His hands are shod with pieces of wood. He scrambles at you with a shuffling gait that is really terrific.— At night he crawls upon his donkey and rides away. He is said to be rich. At the head of these stairs are an Egyptian obelisk and a French church. Here is a nunnery for French girls. At the evening service we drop in to hear the singing of the nuns at one end of the church, and to see the motions of the priesthood at the other. We now turn to the left, and passing up a gradual ascent we come to the French Academy of Fine Arts. This noble building and these splendid grounds were secured for the French by BONAPARTE. Resuming our upward walk we

come to the far-famed Pincian Hill. This high eminence is altogether the most beautiful place in Rome. Here are a profusion of roses, fountains, trees and walks. Here, every evening, a French or Roman band may be heard discoursing sweet music. Here may be seen carriages of all descriptions, costumes of all colors, and people from all the kindreds and nations of the earth, taking their evening promenade. Here we look down upon Modern Rome. Beyond the Tiber, St. Angelo, St. Peter's and the old Etrurian hills, stand out in the golden splendors of an Italian sunset, while the last playing sunbeams gild the cross of the great Dome. Behind us, across the walls of Rome, is the Villa Borghese.—But, alas, alas, the malaria is there. The blight and the curse of Rome have fallen upon these most beautiful and fashionable grounds. The Villa is crowded with gems of art and genius, but the owners have fled, and they are opened to the public. Thus you have the Rome of Foreigners.

Very truly yours,

W. W. N.

## NO. X.

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ROME, June 8, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We have now been in Rome about two weeks. We have found it most economical and most agreeable, to keep in our service a carriage and a guide. In this way, it is surprising how much we have been able to see. I would love to describe to you more of these objects, so rich in historic and classic association. But letter-writing abroad has its difficulties. The hot weather is upon us in its scorching power. The good traveler abroad is a good planner and a hard worker. By the time he is ready to write at night, he is often sinking into the profoundest stupor. And what shall he write? For days he has gazed upon objects of rarest beauty, and scenes of mightiest grandeur. But men of *letters* and men of *leisure* have exhausted language in their description. There are in Rome more than three hundred churches, six thousand ancient columns, besides statues and paintings without number. Churches, palaces, museums, paintings, statues, libraries and convents should not be named. He should nei-



ther complain of passports, baggage or extortion; fleas, food or beggars. For these, he only wants christian philosophy and a plenty of silver. He should neither quote Galig-nani or Murray. He should write the news. The news! What news in Rome, for exam-ple, since 1849? Since then, to be sure, a statue of colossal proportions and grand de-signs, has been erected, in the Piazza di Spagna, to commemorate the announcement of the doctrine of the immaculate concep-tion, by Pius IX. And there are news from centuries gone. For Signor Fortunato, is digging out of the New Appian Way, a few miles from Rome, old churches. tombs, bas-reliefs and frescoes. There is a little daily paper in Rome, about the size of the first newspaper ever published in Boston. It minutely describes police doings and fete days. But intelligent men in this city had not heard of the new eruption of Vesuvius at the end of a week. While the vast and brilliant procession of soldiers and ecclesias-tics was moving here on the day of Corpus Christi, we heard it rumored that Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime Minister of the Pope, being a hard and hated man, was to be assassinated. It produced a great stir. It turned out to be a farce. It was telegraphed from

Florence in place of news. There is also an item of city news, which I might sketch to you as a specimen of Italian gossip, and as illustrative of the state of society in Rome. About half a century ago, there lived in Rome two men of equal age. The first, from one of the poorest families, had become a rich banker. The second, from one of the oldest and highest families, had become a poor Noble. As the necessities of the Duke increased, he borrowed largely of the banker. Being unable to repay, the banker proposed to purchase of the Duke one of his best estates and oldest titles, with the right of redemption, within fifty years. The Duke recoiled. But time and want secured the bargain. The fifty years were almost passed. These men were long since dead. The second son of the banker had inherited the old purchased estate and title of his father. His Palace is entered from the Court yard of our hotel. The son of the old Noble, poor and disconsolate, went to England. He told his story to the young Nobility. "But," said they, "why do you not retrieve your fortunes and titles?" "I have no profession and no business." "But you must retrieve them by an alliance." "Yes, but who will have me?" "Anybody, you

are from the oldest and noblest family in Rome; we will introduce you this evening to the young Russian heiress." He was introduced, was pleased, told his story frankly and was married. Hastening back to Rome, he entered the Palace of the Banker Duke, and to his utter amazement, laid upon his table a bag of gold, and demanded his estate and title. And now the Duke of B—— is plain Mr. T., and all Rome rejoices in the transaction. We were the more interested in this story from the fact that we had letters of introduction to the ex Duke's brother, who is the richest man in Rome. Through the pecuniary aid he has rendered the government, he has secured to himself the title of Prince.

We cannot leave Rome without inviting you to accompany us on a days excursion upon the old Appian Way. This Way was built three hundred years before Christ and through the efforts of Pius IX is uncovered for many miles. If you are not interested in sights now to be seen, you may close your eyes and meet Horace, or Cæsar or Virgil on their way from Brundisium, or St. Paul on his way from Puteoli, or the Roman Legions returning home in gladness and triumph.— Before passing the gateway, we stopped at

the Baths of Caracalla. One of the great aqueducts that still stalk across the Campagna brought the water to these baths.— There were accommodations here for sixteen hundred bathers, and the most splendid provision for every kind of diversion. It is the walk of a mile around these ruins. Here are still immense labyrinths, massive arches, enormous pillars and a mosaic pavement of green porphyry and white marble. On the opposite side of the way we entered the tomb of the Scipios. By the light of torches we passed down through dark caves to the place where was found the sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus, now in the Vatican.— This tomb, discovered about 80 years ago, was entirely concealed for 2100 years. Near to this tomb we entered a Columbaria. This is a square cavity in the earth, like a cellar, 25 feet deep. In little niches around this square, were arranged the urns where Augustus deposited the burned bodies of his slaves. We took a small bone from one of these urns. Passing out upon the Campagna through the Porta San Sebastiano, we rode by a long succession of ruined tombs covered with plants and ivy. Turning from the Ap- pian way, we wandered over fields till we reached a little spring, running from the bot-

tom of a steep bank covered with the ruins of the Temple of Bacchus. Here is the Fountain of Egeria. Numa consecrated it to the muses. We desecrated it to the practical business of eating, drinking and bathing.

Returning to the Appian Way, we stopped next at the Circus of ROMULUS. The walls are still standing around a long parallelogram. It held eighteen thousand spectators. Here may yet be traced all the arrangements for the race of the chariots and the crowning of the victor. Directly overhanging this Circus on the Appian Way, rises the tomb of CECILIA METELLA. It stands on a stream of lava. It is a circular tower, seventy feet in diameter and fifty feet high. The walls are twenty-five feet thick. There is no tomb like this outside of Rome. It was built before the time of Christ, for the wife of the rich CRÆSUS, who was the rival and afterwards the colleague of POMPEY, in the first triumvirate. The sarcophagus is in a Palace at Rome, the urn is in Hampton Court Palace, England.—“How lived, how loved, how died she?”

Returning by a different route, we visited the Church of St. Paul's. It stands a mile and a quarter from the city gate. It was once the most splendid churches in Italy. In the year 251 the body of St. PAUL was said

to have been removed to this place. On the 16th of July, 1823, the body of the church was completely destroyed by fire. Since then, Kings, Princes, and Popes have spent millions of money in its reconstruction. It is remarkable for its pillars, and its mosaic portraits of the Roman Pontiffs.

We saw the Pyramid of Caius Cestus, 125 feet high, and the English Cemetery, with its affecting mementoes of KEATS, SHELLEY, and a host of other unfortunate travelers. We passed the ruins of the old bridge where, 500 years before Christ, HORATIUS COCLLES held the King of Etruria and his army in check until the bridge behind him was broken down, and where, in spite of wounds, and darts, and armor, he swam to the Roman shore. We also passed the Temple of Vesta, with its little circular core, surrounded by nineteen marble columns.

And thus, after work hard enough for a day laborer, we returned, not to our beds, but to our dinner. Then came the promenade and music of Pincian Hill. Then a nine o'clock tea with our artist friend, Mr. THOMPSON, and then our Sketches. Knowing that your benevolence will ask nothing more of us to night, I subscribe myself

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

## NO. XI.

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ROME, June 11, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS :—Rome is a great burial ground. Every time we step we move the dust of life. We had expected to find it dull and gloomy. But since crossing the Atlantic, we have nowhere enjoyed such a feeling of home. The children have met old schoolmates, and we have all met old friends. Our Italian Frenchman from Edinburgh has been constantly with us, and "Jones, Smith and Brown," have roomed in the same hall. We have numbered among our friends fifty Americans and many Englishmen. We have met many of them at the same table. Mr. Bryant, the Poet, President Labaree of Middlebury College, Rev. Mr. Spaulding of New York city, Prof. Green of Princeton, N. J., Mr. Salsbury of Mass., Judge Boling of Va., and many other gentlemen with their families, have been among our truly agreeable acquaintances.

Before leaving Rome, I must allude to one or two objects more, of striking interest. In one of our excursions we visited the catacombs. I wish I could convey to you some-

thing of the thrilling interest we felt, in groping through these vast subterranean passages, once the hiding place of persecuted Christians. We entered these winding labyrinths through the church of St. Sebastian, two miles from the city gate, on the Appian Way. These passages are said to run over thirty miles, and to have an outlet at the Forum, at the Mediterranean, and at Albano.— These caverns were undoubtedly made for the purpose of excavating the dry porous volcanic stone. We found rooms that were used for chapels and niches that were used for graves. We wandered round and down these deep labyrinths, completely absorbed in contemplating the condition of these early sufferers for Christ. On awaking from our primitive dream, we found ourselves in the bowels of the earth, entirely lost. We remembered that a large party, had entered these passages, some years ago, that had never come out. We were accompanied by some strange looking Monks. Had they chosen, they had only to lead us on, extinguish our tapers, take our money, and leave us to ourselves. And it was a real relief, when, after some mysterious wanderings, in apparently the wrong direction, we finally discerned the faint glimmers of returning



sun light. We must not omit the Pantheon. It is the finest old Rotunda, the only preserved Temple, and the worst located Building, in all Rome. It is near to the Corso, in the midst of a vegetable market. Every body has seen a picture of this once Pagan Temple. Its Portico is most admirable, its Dome is perfect. The diameter of the Rotunda is 143 feet, the top of the Dome is 143 feet from the floor. In the top of the Dome is a circular opening, 28 feet in diameter, where the light and the rain pour down upon the porphery pavement. It was built by Agrippa, 27 years before Christ. It is especially attractive to Travellers, as the appropriate burial place of that grand embodiment of beauty and genius, the immortal Raphael.

"Shrine of all Saints and temple of all Gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—

——Sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!"

Near to the Church of St. John Lateran there is a building containing twenty eight steps, said to be the stairs which Jesus passed over when descending from the Judgment Hall of Pontius Pilate. It is considered an act of merit to pass up these stairs upon one's knees. In the present state of the fashions it is exceedingly difficult for ladies to perform this feat, with becoming grace and propriety.

And it is one of the most ludicrous sights of Rome to see persons of divers age, sex and size, passing through this ceremony in company. At the head of this stairway there is a chapel, said to be filled with relics, which we are permitted to inspect through the iron bars. While standing upon these steps we were reminded of Luther, upon this very spot. He had heard that these stairs were miraculously transported from Jerusalem, and wishing to obtain the indulgence promised by the Pope to all who ascended them stairs upon their knees, he was conscientiously and laboriously dragging himself up, when suddenly, as with a voice of thunder, the words seemed to ring in his ears, "The just shall live by faith." Instantly he sprang to his feet and fled from the scene. Luther came to Rome an honest, good Catholic. He said Mass and engaged in the religious services of the church with great zeal. He had expected to find this foundation of the church a seat of purity and love. But he was constantly shocked by the irreverence and private scandal of the ecclesiastics, and by the open vice of the populace. He relates many instances of such impiety, and *seeing Rome*, more than any other circumstance in his life, made Luther a Protestant.

Some persons become Catholics at Rome. Their imaginations are taken captive by these grand old Cathedrals, with the dim light of their candles and the strong odor of their censers, their statues and paintings, their music and vestments, their antiquity and relics. It is to them a religion of beauty and sentiment.

Others see little in this worship but art and form. Scarcely a word can be heard from the officiating Priests. It is to them a strange pantomime upon the stage. And then so many contribution boxes are passing round, asking money for the poor, money for your chair, money for the service, money for souls in purgatory. The appearance of the worshippers is peculiar. Some seem devout, some seem heartless, one person will hand you his business card and then return to his knees, one will follow your every movement with his head turning towards you, while his lips are moving, and we often see persons upon their knees in a church after whispering and smiling in the best mood possible, resuming their prayers. And then this securing the favor of God, by so many prayers and so much money, by kissing crosses and by scrambling up stairs upon ones knees.

And these wonderful miracles, performed by Priests, Relics and Bambinos.—The Catholic religion in Great Britain and America, is very different from what it is in Rome and Naples; and yet, the true fruits of the system are in these Italian cities. The state of society there would perfectly horrify an American Romanist of refinement and intelligence. But these are the fruits of a religion that has had full sway for centuries.

On Corpus Christi day, I sat under the Colonades of St. Peter's, by the side of our late American Minister to one of the most distinguished Courts of Europe. He had spent the winter at Naples and Rome, purchasing paintings for his private gallery. He said to me, "I was educated in the Catholic school at Georgetown, D. C. I came to Italy without a prejudice. I have mingled freely with ecclesiastics and with the people. One of the Priests has pressed me to avow myself a Romanist,—but I said to him, 'The fruits of your system stand in my way. Here are my children; you may, perhaps, influence them. But upon me, all your arguments are lost,—for the moment I open that door, and look into that street, I am met by such a dark vision of filth and rags, of deformity and

starvation, of hideous deception and disgusting crime, that I can never be a Romanist in Italy, *never, never.*' "

Very truly your friend,

W. W. N.

## NO. XII.

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PISA, June 12, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We left Rome in company with a very agreeable party from Brooklyn, N. Y. As all the Diligences for Civita Vecchia were occupied by the suite of the Ex Queen of Spain, we chartered two Vetturini. It was reported that 80 ships had been wrecked and 300 lives had been lost during our last terrific night upon the Mediterranean. And yet we preferred the sea to the miasma, robbers, and fatigue of the land. On reaching the half-way house, at Paoli, there were one or two small rows of wretched buildings, filled with fleas, filth and beggars. We applied, in vain, for some refreshment. From what we have seen of the Campagna, it is a profound mystery to us how Rome is supplied with provisions.

During the last half century the population of Rome has varied from 118,000 to 180,000. At the last census there were 178,000. The increase is found to depend, not upon births, but upon emigration. But how are they supported? Grazing animals are abundant, but very small crops are raised. One man in Rome

owns fifty thousand acres of land, and the whole 444,000 acres is owned by less than two hundred proprietors. When the harvest is to be gathered, peasants from the mountains do the work. They sleep upon the open fields. Multitudes sink in the effort or carry away the seeds of death. The reapers who escape make about five dollars. But if there is a supply of food, how do the inhabitants of Rome get it? The great mass of beggars and workmen live upon the vast number of travellers that visit Rome. Contributions are also made for the support of this seat of Catholicism. Ecclesiastics are excessively numerous, and have the best support.— How far this terrible ruin, curse, and desolation are the fruits of the system of religion, each one must judge for himself. The poverty and want of Rome and Naples are all the same, notwithstanding the difference of their surroundings. American emigrants have managed worse places than the Campagna.

On entering Civita Vecchia, for the third time, I stored up enormous quantities of patience and silver, for the purpose of gliding through the vilest set of sharpers I have ever met. This little artificial harbor, with its round towers, is most charming. It was

founded by Trajan and improved by Michael Angelo.

One of the most distinguished Palaces we examined in Rome was the Palazzo Pamphili Doria. At opposite ends of an immense hall stood the busts of the Prince and Princess.— From those busts we recognized the Prince Doria on board our steamer. The Princess was an English lady, from the family of Talbot. They were going, with a large family and suite of priests, doctors and teachers, to their princely summer Palace in Genoa.— Whenever they moved the whole suite were in motion, hat in hand. We found them very simple in their manners. The children were talkative and amusing. The Princess, sad and feeble, was wasting away in a decline.

Many years ago there was in the mountains of Italy a large organized company of banditti, who lived upon the fruits of robbery and murder. They divided themselves into three bands, and, upon the stipulated conditions of life and liberty, they surrendered themselves to the Pope, the Duke of Tuscany and the King of Naples. The leader Gasperoni, and his party fell into the hands of the Pope. For several years they were confined at Civita Vecchia. As Gasperoni is related to Antonelli, the Pope's Prime Minis-



ter, they have recently been removed into the interior. Gasperoni complained to some of our party that while even the King of Naples had kept his engagement the Pope had broken his oath, and it may have been with reason, for when asked by one of our company what he thought of his past life, he said: "I would kill you if I had a chance."

We were greatly pleased with Leghorn.— It has an artificial harbor with a strong sea wall. The rooms of our hotel were large and princely. The breakfast was capital, the charges were moderate. Here may be seen the influence of English capitalists. So free is commerce that even Bibles find their way into this port. Jews and Turks, Catholics and Protestants, are everywhere met in the streets. Flags of all nations are flying in the harbor. Its wide streets and well built houses and enlarged harbor give to Leghorn an appearance of thrift we have nowhere seen in Italy. But alas! every Italian government must be cursed with a "*Protector*."— Austrian bayonets are gleaming over the barracks and Austrian soldiers are parading the streets. We had entered no cars since leaving France. On seeing a locomotive our whole party of eleven, were as happy as

children. In half an hour we reached the old city of Pisa.

Pisa was once near the sea. It contained 150,000 inhabitants. Its present population is 28,000. Its principal streets are on the banks of the Arno. As there are no buildings on the river side of the streets, the town has a spacious and airy aspect. The great objects of attraction in Pisa are altogether on one side of the town. The Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Bell Tower and the Cemetery. Unlike anything we have seen in Italy, we find this charming cluster of architectural gems, all by themselves upon a carpet of green. We will first enter the Cathedral; here swings the great lamp. Three hundred years ago, one of the city boys was attracted by that motion; he remembered it, and when a young man this same GALILEO invented the pendulum. The Baptistry is an immense circular building, 180 feet high. It has a baptismal font in the centre and an exquisitely worked pulpit of marble upon the side. Here we are startled by a loud whisper from the guide, clearly and fully repeated on the opposite side of the building. We now pass to the Cemetery. Unlike other burial places, this Campo Santo is a piece of

ground four hundred feet long surrounded by a colonnade closed upon the outside. Under the colonnade persons of great distinction have been buried. The inner rectangle is exposed to the sky. The soil, to the depth of ten feet, is said to have been brought from the Holy Land, in the time of the Crusades. It is asserted that in this soil a dead body will be turned into dust in twenty four hours. But here comes the Bell Tower; the leaning tower of Pisa! Who has not heard of it, seen its picture and speculated about it, from his childhood? I would almost as soon have missed St. Peters, as this charming, wonderful relic. It has been compared to the Tower of Babel. It is built of pure white marble, about 180 feet high. There are eight successions of columns and arches, one above the other. It still has seven bells. The top hangs over a vertical line from the base about fourteen feet. We instinctively stand away from the leaning side. There are three reasons for believing that the foundation sunk before the tower was completed. The land is spongy; the Cathedral walls have sunk, and in the upper stories the pillars are longer upon the lower side, with the evident design of having the centre of gravity within the base. From the top of this most graceful

and fascinating tower, GALILEO experimented upon the descent of falling bodies. Here for the last 600 years, millions of beings have looked off upon this soft Italian view. Below are the green and festooned fields and the winding Arno. In the distance are the Appenines. Four miles away is the clear blue sea, and in the dim horizon Corsica appears like a fading cloud.

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

## NO. XIII.

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FLORENCE, June 14, 1858.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,  
None is so fair as Florence,  
Search within,  
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past  
Contending with the Present; and in turn  
Each has the mastery."

It is only in Italy, dear friends, that we have realized the wonderful value of a railway. In three short hours we have passed the fifty miles from Pisa to Florence. Three hours relief from beggars and extortioners! Leaving the marble hills and quarries of Carrara on our left, we have passed over a low valley. The land is irrigated and drained by quiet little rills of water, gliding along between banks of green. Small, rectangular fields are everywhere surrounded by trees, between which vines are hanging in graceful festoons, giving to the whole country a cultivated and fairy aspect. We find ourselves very comfortable at our Hotel de New York. Many of our old friends are with us. We look out upon the Arno. The sides of the streets nearest the river, as at Pisa, have no buildings. Poets have painted Florence as an unsullied picture of enchanted beauty. We

do not find it so. There are here magnificent Palaces, Churches and Galleries. The outside of many of these is unfinished. Many of the streets are narrow and crooked. Many of the buildings look like barracks. They were erected in the middle ages, with their thick walls and narrow windows.

There are four grand bridges across the river. Upon one there are shops on each side, and the whole way across glitters with jewelry. Above this there is an arched and secret gallery, by which the Grand Duke may pass unnoticed from one Palace to another.

The environs of Florence are a scene of bewitching beauty. They are more than fancy painted them. We have viewed them from Fiesole. This is a steep, high hill, covered with cypresses, vines, olive groves and fig trees. We passed up and around this romantic eminence upon a perfectly smooth road.— To preserve a regular grade one side of the hill is often walled up twenty feet. A peasant boy leaped down these walls, like a rabbit, to hand us figs and flowers. Upon the top of this hill is an old city and an old fortress from whose highest tower Galileo took his nightly views. Here the Roman Cataline secreted his treasure, and in this vicinity his

conspiracy was crushed. With the exception of the Camaldoli Convent, at Naples, the view from this summit is the most magnificent I have seen in Italy. Seventeen miles distant, away up the wooded sides of the Apennines, is MILTON'S Vallambrosia, where ARIOSTO dreamed, and DANTE halted, in his flight from benighted, ungrateful Florence.

The whole valley of the Arno is covered over with gardens and country palaces. On the banks of the river, in the bosom of the valley, Florence itself sparkles in a soft Italian sun. Lofty towers and graceful arches, Palace buildings and Palace gardens rise from the city, while the grand cupola of the Cathedral, larger than St. Peters itself, swells up from the bright centre. But the painting of such a picture as this must be left to one of the geniuses of the place. The refined soul of RAPHAEL alone could take in the full beauties of such a scene, and, dipping his brush in the colors of the rainbow, he alone could reproduce it upon canvass.

I have learned a few things respecting the present aspect of freedom and religion in Tuscany. For the last five centuries Tuscany has enjoyed a degree of freedom unknown to some of the Italian States. The

Medici have been rich and liberal patrons of the arts. In later years the people have become dissatisfied with the restraints upon their liberties. In the revolutions of 1849, a statue of the Grand Duke was thrown down at Leghorn. The Duke granted to the people a constitution, but fearful of his own safety he and the Pope fled to Gaeta, a Neapolitan town upon the Mediterranean. The Tuscan Assembly, wishing the Duke to reign under the constitution, invited him to return upon this condition. He returned. The fortresses are manned with Austrian troops and the Duke has forgotten the constitution.

I thank God that I have something hopeful to write you of the religious condition of Tuscany—something more, perhaps, than would be prudent to pen. I was searching for the house and prison of ROSA MADÆI and her husband, who were persecuted in this city for reading the Bible. I found a little company of disciples in an upper room. For weeks my soul had been starving upon the miserable husks of Southern Italy. And it was with gushing tears and a palpitating heart, that I sat down at the communion table with the disciples of Jesus.

I learned that the MADÆI, banished from Tuscany, were living in Nice. That they



were greatly beloved by the people. That the bitterness of their persecution had defeated the object sought. It had aroused the civilized world. It had awakened the attention of the people, and had broken the power of the Jesuits. Notwithstanding the laws, the Priests and the Police, Bibles find their way into Tuscany. A great work is in progress here. Thousands of Italians are reading the word of God, and more than two hundred persons are the professed disciples of Christ. There was to be a little meeting of about forty of these Christians in an upper room that evening. I begged to be present, but was told it would be the extreme of rashness. There are three persons now in the prisons of Florence for Bible reading.—There are said to be ten thousand Priests here, one to every ten persons. Why do they not elevate and relieve the people?—And yet it is not as bad as in the Pope's dominions.

Last year, the Pope was up here, and with the Jesuits, extorted from the Duke a promise to abolish some laws made by his grandfather, giving to the Catholic Bishops some rights to ecclesiastical reform. He pressed the measure upon his ministers. They im-

mediately resigned, saying, "You must govern Tuscany without us." The measure was abandoned. The pressure of Christian civilization has some weight here. The other day, the British Minister, Lord NORMANDY heard of a man imprisoned for reading the Bible. He called on the Duke and simply said, "May it please your Royal Highness, it will not do in this 19th century, to imprison a man for reading a book, and especially for reading the Bible." That evening the man was released. The eldest son of the Duke, now 22 years old, says if he ever reigns, there shall be liberty of conscience. But God only knows and God alone can bring deliverance. He can raise up liberal Rulers. He can raise up Luthers and Melancthons to enlighten and lead the people.

The People! how I pity them. Though ignorant and bigoted, they are always kind, polite and impulsive. They have a refined taste, a beautiful climate, and a rich soil, but they are cursed with a military and Priestly despotism, and no man comes to their rescue. Poor, miserable, beautiful Italy! May God bring thee speedy deliverance.

Truly yours, W. W. N.

## NO. XIV.

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FLORENCE, June 15, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :—The finest things in this city are statues, paintings, churches palaces, the Laurentian Library, and the Museum of Natural History—things that should be seen and not described.

Near to the old Palazzo Vecchio, with its dizzy bell-tower, is the celebrated gallery called the Uffizii. In this are the Venus de Medici, the portraits of great painters, and a vast collection of art, next in size to the Vatican itself. A weak, rich politician, by the name of Pitti, built a rival Palace upon the other side of the river. This Palace soon fell into the hands of Cosmo I. It is still occupied by the Grand Duke. Here is a most charming collection of five hundred pictures, in princely apartments, thrown open to the public without even the formality of a fee.—In the rear are the Boboli Gardens. Their style is formal, but in the terrible heat of yesterday we were glad to walk up and around this splendid hill, through walks of trimmed foliage and under roofs of thick shade.

The Cathedral, Baptistry, and Bell-tower are near the centre of the city. The dome of the Cathedral is the largest in the world.—The Bell-tower is 120 feet higher than the leaning tower of Pisa. MICHAEL ANGELO said that the doors of the Baptistry were worthy to be the gates of Paradise! We have seen two or three very small infants baptized in this building. Warm water is poured over the head of the child, accompanied with a long reading and many formalities.

In Florence the lives of great men gone are to us a reality, for we see not only their works, but their houses and their tombs.—Tasso has left no dwelling at Rome, and the house of RAPHAEL was there destroyed by the Revolution of 1849. But in Florence we see the house of MICHAEL ANGELO, much as he left it, and what is better still, occupied by his descendants. Here, too, is the dwelling of GALILEO.

But of all the places in the city, the Church of Santa Croce has thrilled me most. This is the Mausoleum of Genius. The latest genius of note buried here is ALFIERI. He was a Piedmontese Count, and came to this city as a writer of tragic and comic poetry. Though deficient in ornament and beauty, he

was undoubtedly the greatest tragic poet in Italy. He was a warm advocate of freedom. He married the Countess of Albany, the widow of the English Pretender. He died in 1803. He and the Countess both rest in this church, and their tombs are beautiful specimens of art. But the tomb nearest to the door is that of MICHAEL ANGELO. Here we are awed by the grandeur and comprehensiveness of genius. For he was not merely a painter. He was a sculptor, an architect and a poet. With the brush he has given us the terrific images that DANTE painted with his pen. His architecture is grand and massive. He was a lofty spirit. He was employed at Rome, by several of the Popes, as a painter, as a sculptor, and as the architect of St. Peter's. His lectures, speeches and poetry are still extant. Of course he was envied. I heard an amusing story of him yesterday, at the Uffizii. A fine statue was found. His detractors said to him: "No doubt, in your own opinion, you could have equalled this masterpiece of antiquity." Time rolled on and another piece of statuary was dug from the ground—a Cupid, with one arm gone.—While his detractors were in ecstasies over this apparent antique, MICHAEL ANGELO brought from his Studio a fresh arm, and fit-

ting it to the shoulder, proved that it was his statue. Thus even were his enemies silenced. He died about the middle of the 16th century, and is buried here. Here, also, is the tomb of DANTE. And, as we lean over it, what vivid associations come thronging over us. What images of death, purgatory and hell. What thoughts of blighted love, of banishment and of woe. Like MICHAEL ANGULO his genius was bold, gigantic and comprehensive. He was philosopher, poet, politician and warrior.

DANTE lived in the stormiest period of the Italian Republics. He was one of the Chief Magistrates of Florence. The Pope of Rome interfered in opposition to his party.— DANTE resisted and was banished forever from his beloved city. His property was confiscated and for years he was a restless wanderer. But the weight of his troubles stirred his mighty genius to its lowest depth. It drove him into a great imaginary world of his own. He is the oldest and most original poet in the Italian language. Among the inmates of his hell are several Popes and Cardinals. Hence at his death, in Ravenna, Pope JOHN XXII demanded his body that the dust of his burned bones might be scattered to the winds. Florence also demanded

his body that it might be honorably interred in the home of his birth. Ravenna resisted the demand of both. She keeps the body.— Florence keeps the cenotaph. DANTE was once invited to return to his home, on condition of a public penance. No, said the stern Italian, I shall never return to Florence, but in full possession of my fame and honor. He died in the early part of the 14th century. There are over sixty editions of his works and commentators without number. One of his portraits is suspended in the Cathedral. But a few years ago his best portrait was discovered in an old palace, now used as a prison. For ages, this portrait has been buried under a coat of whitewash. It represents him in the vigor of manhood. It was rescued from its long oblivion through the efforts of Englishmen and Americans.

Near to the cenotaph of DANTE is the tomb of GALILEO. But the sun is declining, and we must away to the country; for, beyond all question, the best part of Florence is without the walls. The finest drive is down the Casine, a wooded park, two miles long, upon the banks of the Arno. There are eleven of us in two open phaetons, now starting for a farewell drive. Will you go with us? In this park there are different roads for car-

riages, as there are for pedestrians and equestrians, all as smooth as a floor. Here are hedges and groves, and pasture ground for game. Here are sparkling fountains and speaking statues; here are verdurous banks of velvet softness, and hidden bowers in silent forests. The sweet perfume of flowers greets us; the genial airs of summer fan us; the soft Italian sky is above us; the rich tints of an Italian sunset, streaming down the long valley from Vallambrosa's height, are casting their net-work of golden light through the dark foliage, while they linger in full splendor, upon the heights and towers of Fiesole. The waters of the gliding Arno are here and there visible, while far in the distance pheasants and deer are sporting and bounding away. Shall I confess to the fact? For once in my life, I am intoxicated! intoxicated with beauty. There is a grave Professor in the carriage following. As we roll along through this sequestered Eden, moved by a simultaneous impulse, we both together start to our feet, and waving our hats to each other, shout aloud, *gorgeous! magnificent! divine!*" Yes, divine—for it is the creation of that same God who is fitting up the sweet home of those shining ones,



"Where gardens and where goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen."

As we drive into the open circle, where parties meet for conversation and refreshment, the martial bands greet us with such strains of swelling music, and the grotesque flower-girls give us such cheers and throw into our carriages such radiant bouquets of acacias, orange-blossoms and laurel, that we seem to be Princes with a royal cortege, moving along in triumphal procession.

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

## NO. XV.

VENICE, June 17, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Very early in the morning we made our reluctant conge at the hotel in Florence and went round to the Diligence office. These carriages are as undeviating as a railroad car. They drop you or take you up, baggage and all, in the middle of the street. As the price of seats varies we found the whole square in commotion, getting the passengers located. Some were entering the rotonde, some the interior, some were climbing over the front wheels into the coupe, and others were mounting into the banquette, upon ladders. Just outside the city we entered the cars for Pistola. This is a small town a few leagues from Florence, at the foot of the Apennines, renowned in history as the spot where pistols were first invented. Here our Diligence descended from the baggage car, and we commenced our ascent. All this long and hot day we were working our weary and suffering way up and down those interminable mountains. We drove into the gates of Bologna in the evening, having traveled some 75 miles. At

the noted Swiss Hotel, we were quite disgusted with filth and neglect. Very early in the morning we were awakened by the sweet chimes of the Cathedral bells, close by our open windows. Bologna is nearly 3000 years old. The wall is covered with shrubbery and trees. The upper stories of the houses extend over the side walks. Here are the longest church and the highest bell tower in Europe.

Bologna was the birth and burial place of Guido. As his Aurora, at Rome, had impressed me as one of the most charming and graceful things I had ever seen, I was soon abroad in search of his pictures. Here are the fine productions of many of the old masters. In the Palazzo Bacciochi there are beautiful busts of the NAPOLEON family. At the Borghese country seat, near Rome, we had seen CONOVA's noted PAULINE. Here is another by the same artist. Few masterpieces of antiquity are more perfect. Here is an ancient University, where galvanism was first discovered. It has a large library and many Professors. The old city contains about 70,000 people.

From Bologna we traveled about 75 miles, by Diligence, to Mantua. The country is productive, but so perfectly flat that ditches

are filled with stagnant water. Scientific men have no trouble in accounting for the miasma of Modena and Mantua. The heat and dust and suffering of that day were terrible. We found no dinner. During the change of horses, or the examination of baggage, we were driven into stable yards, or left in the middle of the street, without the slightest regard to our comfort. The only pleasant variety in that journey was the crossing of the Po. The melting of Alpine snows makes the river a powerful flood. It brings down from the A'ps such quantities of soil that the water is often kept in its bed by artificial banks. On entering the ferry, a long string of boats, held together by a single rope, was so moved by the current that we were carried across.

On reaching Mantua we found the old wall of the town nearly surrounded by water. It is an extensive city, going to decay. Its inhabitants are reduced to 25,000. Here the Elder Tasso was buried. But his remains were removed by his son to Ferrara. We rode out some five miles from the city over a flat, wet country, to visit the birth place of VIRGIL. It is still called the community of VIRGIL. It seems to be a single farm. The room which they showed us, as the place of

his birth, is in the second story of a long, narrow stone building, now used as a granary. Wandering over these grounds, VIRGIL doubtless formed his taste for pastoral song, while far away among the mysterious, volcanic regions of the south he laid the scene of his graver poems.

At Florence we had become acquainted with Dr. CRICHTON, of Liverpool. As he was traveling with his wife, son and daughter, his party afforded a very agreeable companion for each of us. We had passed the Appenines in the same Diligence, but from Bologna they came straight to Venice, through Padua.— We went seventy miles around to see Mantua and Virgil's Commune. We would say to other travelers that we were not repaid for our toil, money and loss of company.

At Mantua we found a fine railroad for Venice. Venice! How strange, romantic, original. Venice! city of sage doges, dark gondolas, trackless streets and splendid palaces. Venice! with its cathedral, prisons and Bridge of Sighs. How this strange city, with its stranger history, has mingled with the floating visions of my life. How many weary miles have we come out of our way to see thee. And yet, rather than miss thee, I

would have traveled them all on foot. While dreaming thus in the cars, suddenly we find ourselves entirely surrounded by water. The moon-beams of an early evening are dancing over the waves of the Adriatic. We are rushing out into the deep sea. But something is floating in the distance. Towering spires and gilded domes. We strike the land; we reach the depot; the baggage is examined. We hear the cry of Omnibus. Forgetting, at the moment, that there is not a horse in Venice, it is suggested by one of the party that we take the Omnibus. "It will be less dreary in the night." But our Omnibus was a double sized gondola. So we take our baggage into a little, long, black, hearse-like boat, and glide away on the dark waters towards the Hotel de la Ville, an old Palace, on the Grand Canal. As there is an influx of strangers, and an expectation of Royal visitors at the Hotel de la Ville, we glide on and around and out into the harbor. But it is fearfully strange, on this first night, to be out upon the great sea in so frail a thing, in search of a home. I know of but one other Hotel. We are refused at that. We are floating there. What shall we do? "Gondolier, will you take us to some Hotel?" "Si, Signore." He skims away over the waves, turns up to

some wide steps, and we find a spacious home in the "Luna."

As it is scarcely nine o'clock, I propose to my son a short walk. Crossing a narrow alley and passing under a heavy archway, to our utter amazement we stumble upon one of the most gorgeous and fairy-like scenes on earth. A rectangle six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide. Three sides are shut in by lofty buildings and brilliant shops. A thousand lights are glittering here. From the centre of this open space sweet strains of martial music are pealing forth from an Austrian band, and throngs of people, from every nation, kindred and language upon earth, are walking or listening, or they are sitting and chatting, and sipping their ices. And this is the world-renowned St. Mark's! Here, in one corner, is the great bell-tower, 323 feet high, from whose dizzy eminence Galileo looked through his first telescope. And here, at one end, is the mosque-like Cathedral, with its domes, minarets and vaults, rivaling the magnificence of the East. The church, with its roof of mosaic, its floor of agate and jasper, and its 500 curious pillars. The church where the bones of St. Mark repose. And there, by its side, is the Ducal Palace, down whose stairs the bloody head

of Faliero rolled, as it dropped from the fatal block. And here is the spot where Pope Alexander III placed his foot upon the neck of the kneeling Emperor Barbarossa. Here Shylock and Othello flourished. Here the Doges began and ended their official career. Here the Bides of Venice were stolen and borne away to sea by ruffian brigands. And here — But stop! my brain is reeling, the lights are flitting, the people are going. We slowly retire. I lay me down at last, and see such sights as mortal man could never tell, and dream such dreams as mortal pen could never write.

Truly your friend,      W. W. N.



## NO. XVI.

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VENICE, June 18, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Venice is built on seventy-two small islands, at the head of the Adriatic. It is several miles from the main land. It is surrounded by a shallow arm of the sea, called the lagoons. The canals or streets are not made by digging away the earth, but the buildings are placed upon piles along the edge of the water. The sea ebbs and flows directly against the front of the buildings. There are steps into the water from each front door, by which the inmates reach the gondola. The Grand Canal in the shape of the letter S, divides the city. There are some 150 small canals and 300 small steep bridges. Every building has one door opening upon a narrow pathway of land. These lanes are often business streets, not ten feet wide. Venice was commenced about the middle of the fifth century. When the Huns and Lombards overran Italy, the poor inhabitants escaped to these islands.

“Like the water fowl,

They built their nests among the ocean waves.”

The questions are often asked, “what supported them?” “What did they do?”—

They caught fish and made salt. They manufactured artificial pearls, glass work, jewelry and a vast variety of articles. They built ships and became a great commercial people. They extended their conquests over the main land and over islands in the sea.— At one time they were masters of Constantinople itself. About 300 years ago Venice contained 200,000 inhabitants, 40,000 sailors and 30,000 fishermen. Hers was one of the most rich, powerful and civilized people in Europe. For 250 years Venice was a Democratic Republic. She then elected her first leader, Dux, or Doge. In 1797 she was subjected to France. In 1814 she was attached to the kingdom of Austria. Her inhabitants are now reduced to about 125,000.

The first thing to be seen in Venice is St. Mark's. The area of this noted place is smaller than the floor of St. Peter's at Rome. We pass up the great stairway of the Ducal Palace, through the rooms of state. Among the splendid paintings are the portraits of all the Doges but one. The ambitious FALIERO, having lost his head, has a frame covered with baize. Here is the secret council chamber of the Ten, and the place of the Lion's Mouth, where secret accusations were

dropped into the room from the outside.—The dark, small State dungeons, one below another, are in that side of this building, next to the canal. Our old Guide, with his torch, showed us the place where the prisoner sat when executed, and the fixture in the wall, where by the turning of a wheel he was strangled with a rope. One of the ancient keepers asserted that almost every night, for thirty years, some dead body was rowed away and deposited in the deep channel, where fishing was forbidden, on pain of death. The Bridge of Sighs connects this Palace with the Prisons of Venice. It was formerly divided into a passage and a cell.—The cell was reached from the Palace by crossing the covered passage. We emerged from these dark and fiendish cells, sad and sick at heart. Needing some diversion we fortunately remembered the old legend that at 2 o'clock, St. Mark's Place would be darkened by the flight of doves. For five minutes we stood there, perfect skeptics. Then the great clock Torri dell Orologio struck two. A bushel of grain was thrown from an upper window, in one end of the square, and *instantly*, from every point of the compass, the air was filled and darkened with pigeons, flying to the spot. It reminded me of that

bright and exultant prophesy of Isaiah, where converts were to flock to Christ "as the Doves to their windows." We find in Venice a fine Academy of Arts. There are here splendid representations of Venetian history and triumphs. The coloring of TITIAN is gorgeous. His St. Peter Martyr, in the Westminster Abbey of Venice, has been called the third picture in the world.

On opening my window this morning I engaged for the day one of the many gondolas that were floating there. Taking our guide, and young CRICHTON, we crossed a narrow arm of the harbor to the church Sta Maria della Salute, which stands upon an island. It was built in 1631, by order of the Senate, to commemorate the terrific time when 60,000 people died with the plague.—The form of the church is octagonal. Here the skeleton death, in marble, represents the plague passing away, at the intercession of the virgin. It is horribly impressive. Not far distant we entered the Frari. Here are monuments of Titian and Canova, the grandest artists of Venice.—The story is that for centuries the only memorial of Titian was a marble slab. Canova undertook to design and erect a suitable monument to his memory. It is a vast pyramid

of white marble. The figures of several mourners are about entering its open door.— It was completed in 1827, but before it was done Canova died and was buried himself beneath this pyramid. The Emperor of Austria has erected a colossal monument to Titian upon the opposite side of the same church.— By the side of this edifice are the Venetian Archives, containing 295 rooms and 14,000,000 documents.

We found it most delightful, gliding up the Grand Canal, the Broadway of Venice, meeting neither carriage or footman, without dust and with no noise. Sadly we gazed upon the dark palaces of Loredano and Foscari. The legend is that Foscari was chosen Doge instead of Loredano's father. When the father of Loredano died he bequeathed his envy and hatred of Foscari to his son. The younger Loredano then entered upon his ledger, "Francisco Foscari, debtor, for my father's death." He then accused the innocent son Foscari of murder, and had him tortured and banished. The son returned to see his wife and children, and father. He was immediately lodged in a foreign dungeon, where he soon after died.— Loredano then succeeded in dethroning the

old Doge, Foscari, who tottered, bare-headed, down the Ducal stairs, and died that night, upon his knees, while the bells were ringing in honor of his successor. Then Loredano entered on his ledger, "He has paid me."—Awful as the legend is, it is all true. We had an opportunity to witness this Venetian temper. Coming out of a church we heard a furious noise, like the altercation of a crowd.—It was our guide and a boatman, quarreling with the frenzy of demons, over a jostled gondola.

We passed here the house of Othello, and seemed to see Desdemona, the beautiful victim of jealousy, looking from her chamber window. Close by we entered the palace where BYRON had lived with his paramour. As we picked an orange blossom from the little mound, we went away sad at the degraded life which he lived here, grieved at the terrible mischief of his Don Juan, which was planned here, and horrified by the dark and dismal gloom under which his brilliant spirit so soon disappeared.

On reaching the Rialto, the bridge and square, immortalized by the genius of SHAKESPEARE, we looked around for the shop of SHY-

LOCK. We saw a figure, dark and mean, skulking by, that answered well the description of the man.

After a late dinner we started for the Armenian Convent, some miles away, in the harbor. We passed the arsenal, once the most commanding establishment of the kind in the world, now frowning with Austrian cannon. This convent was founded about 140 years ago, by an enthusiastic Armenian. Failing at home, the Senate of Venice gave him the little Island of St. Lazarus, once a retreat for lepers. It is close to the Lido. Here they are publishing books and educating ministers for Armenia. We were received with great politeness. Among other things in this prosperous establishment, we were shown the autograph of BYRON, also the room and the chair where he was accustomed to recite his Armenian.

Our return to the city was one of those hours of transcendantly sweet and pure enjoyment, so rare in life. The toil of the day was over. The fisherman was lazily drifting in his gondola. The sun was setting. The clear orange light seemed to envelope us as in an atmosphere. The quiet sea, like a bur-

nished mirror, reflected our forms and movements. The hum of the city was dying in the distance, and all nature seemed to be breathing forth a sweet response to that multitude of the heavenly hosts, who cried, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth *peace*."

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.



## NO. XVII.

MILAN, June 21, 1855.

**VERY DEAR FRIENDS:**—There can be no greater contrast than between Venice and Milan. The streets, buildings and inhabitants are all different. Venice is eastern, Milan is scarcely Italian. This diversity gives zest to travel. We sometimes say to ourselves, nothing can equal the interest of this city. We pass to the next. A succession of scenes entirely different produces equal gratification.

As we drove into the gates of Milan, the wheels of our carriage seemed to be rolling upon a smooth floor. There were two carriage-ways in the street where blocks of hewn stone were laid for the wheels with a paved horse path between. I never in my life enjoyed, in a city, such quiet and delightful riding. Could not the same thing be introduced into our American cities? As Milan was destroyed about 700 years ago by **FREDERIC DE BARBAROSSA**, it is better built than most Italian cities. There are good side walks; there is an appearance of business and thrift, and within the city there is

a large and beautiful parade ground, with Austrian music, and throngs of carriages and people. The prosperity of the city was such at one time that it led the fashions of Europe. Hence from the word Milan came the term Milliner. The present number of inhabitants is 150,000.

We arrived here from Venice in the evening. After a refreshing tea in our snug little parlor, we opened our blinds upon the great Corso, and stepped out upon the balcony. And oh! what exclamations of wonder, joy and admiration! Never before were we bewildered by such sudden and unexpected enchantment. Not thirty rods distant, our street opened into the great square, and there arose before us, in all its grandeur, the most splendid building in Europe, the Cathedral of Milan. More than three thousand marble statues of snowy whiteness, mounted upon minarets and pinnacles, were clustering around and towering above this immense structure, all bathed in the silvery rays of the moonlight, like "white-robed seraphs," or rather like the "splintered ice crag" of an Alpine peak. It was a brilliant glazier suddenly dropped into the heart of the city. We asked not and we cared not for the style or orthodoxy of its architecture.

We knew that it patterned no building we had seen on earth, and we only asked that we might be left in our trance of delight, lost in the charms of this exquisite, fairy, ærial vision.

We have found upon after examination that the Cathedral has been 500 years in building, and that 2000 more statues are needed for its completion. The Madonna upon the summit of the spire is 355 feet high. The building is a little less than 500 feet long and 300 feet wide. From the top there is a fine view of the city, the plains and streams and villages of Lombardy, of the snowy Alps, and even of the pinnaced peak of Monte Rosa, which is said to have suggested the plan of the building. The interior of St. Peters at Rome is more imposing as a museum of art, but this Cathedral is better adapted to the worship of God. The rich scripture scene on each pane of glass is a pleasing study. Here NAPOLEON, in royal magnificence, placed upon his own head the iron crown of CHARLEMAGNE, and here he crowned his JOSEPHINE. The tomb of St. CHARLES BARROMEIO is below the pavement. On turning a windlass, the silver front of the covering slides down, and there, through plates of rock crystal in frames of gold, we

see a golden crown, rich in the purest gems hanging over the mouldering skull. He holds in his skeleton hand a crozier of gold and precious stones. All this is the more inappropriate from the fact that BORROMEO spent his large fortune in feeding the poor, during the great famine of 1570, and exposed his life in the terrible plague that followed — He incurred such hatred in his endeavors to reform the Priesthood that he was nearly killed by a pistol shot from one of them, and the State suppressed an ecclesiastical establishment on account of its conspiracy against his life. The building they occupied is the present palace of science and art.

One of the great paintings of Europe, the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, is in the refectory of a Convent, in this city. A door has been cut through it and it is greatly defaced. There is a fine print of it in America.

Another object of great interest in Milan is the Arch of Peace. At the marriage of EUGENE, the son of JOSEPHINE, and the Viceroy of Milan, the Council resolved that this marble arch, in imitation of the Arch of Constantine, at Rome, should be built with the 200,000 francs given by NAPOLEON to adorn the city. Before its completion Milan

fell into the hands of Austria, and the rounded figure of NAPOLEON, by Canova, lies away in the rubbish of the Brera, while the gaunt figure of FERDINAND 1st is mounted upon the Car of Peace, drawn by six spirited steeds.— This kind of meanness is common in Europe. But can the Milanese ever forget that this Arch was erected for BONAPARTE? Can they forget his wonderful action at the Bridge of Lodi, not 25 miles distant? Can they forget the millions he spent upon the Cathedral, and his vast plans for the improvement of this city? No! NAPOLEON is popular. Austria is everywhere hated. Away down below Naples, our guide exclaimed to us in bitterness: "Liberty! what do we know of that? If the feather in your hat was in my cap I should be thrust into a dungeon as a dangerous man. But our time is coming." Every few nights, at Rome, some French soldier is secretly stabbed by the enraged citizens. At Venice our guide said, despairingly: "We are watched, guarded, crushed. Austrian cannon are frowning upon us everywhere. There is no hope for Venice."— This cannot last. Freedom must come, but not yet. If they had liberty to-day they could not sustain it. They must learn to think for themselves. They are beginning.

Four Priests of Lombardy have protested against the doctrine of the immaculate conception. After a discussion with the Drs. of Milan, they have been excommunicated.— But the Bishop was insulted, and the people have taken up a subscription for the four Priests. As the Italian citizens and the Austrian soldiers confess to the same Priest the citizens fear a betrayal. They have not sufficient confidence for a concerted action in the cause of Liberty. When the Bible is read and the gospel is preached in Italy, when the loving, unselfish principles of pure religion are disseminated there, then Italy will banish her priestly and despotic tyrants and govern herself.

Early one morning we took the cars for Como, 27 miles from Milan. On board the boat that took us up the Lake we were delighted to find our old traveling friends, Prof. and Mrs. GREEN, of Princeton, N. J. We stopped at Ballageo. This is a mountain steep that divides Lake Como into two distinct parts. During the day we rowed, and bathed, and walked. Climbing the great hill, I laid down under the trees at the top, and, viewing the Lake in three different directions, I drank in the full beauty of this far-famed and justly celebrated water. Weary

of the dust and toil of travel, I found here that sweet repose I so much needed.

As we glided down the Lake, towards evening, nothing could surpass the quiet beauty and rich variety of this Italian scenery. Entirely different from Naples, Florence and Venice, it was just as charming as either.—The waters are not wide, but from the very shore precipitous mountains rise up more than 2000 feet, highly cultivated to the very top. The sun lingered upon these summits. Little cottages, away up the steep sides, glittering like little brilliants through the waving foliage, formed an ever-varying succession of magnificent pictures. We reached Milan late in the evening, wearied with an excess of delight. After a lingering look at the wilderness of minarets, in the Square, I nestled down to my pillow, under the white robed forms of the great Duomo and dreamed that I was reclining upon the banks of the river of life, and that angels wings were rustling around me.

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

## NO. XVIII.

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TURIN, June, 23, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is most extraordinary that the great mass of modern travelers should go from Milan to Geneva, over the Simplon Pass. Mont Cenis is higher, is said to have been passed by Hannibal, and was re-constructed by BONAPARTE. In a little tour from Geneva, by Diligence, Mules and boat, we can see Chamouni, Martigny and Lake Geneva. We preferred to pass through Piedmont, 1st, because there is a Railroad from Venice to Turin. 2d. Because we would see the only Kingdom in Italy that dares to govern itself, in spite of Rome.— 3d. We would see the Waldenses, the only Protestant Church in Europe that has existed from the earliest ages, without reform.

The Railroad from Venice to Turin runs east and west across northern Italy, and fancifully reminds us of the Central Railroad of New York. Venice represents the city of Albany. Padua nearly corresponds with the situation of Schenectady. In the university of Padua, Galileo was a Professor for eighteen years. Twice this great philosopher was



summoned before the Inquisition of Rome. To escape its chains and dungeons he renounced his philosophical theories. On rising from his knees the last time, he stamped his foot upon the ground, exclaiming, "and yet it moves." Upon this, he was sentenced to the dungeon. He was finally banished.—He became deaf and blind. He lost his favorite daughter and sunk to the grave a stricken man. By the bigotry of the Priesthood, his body was kept from Florence nearly an hundred years. As the Romish Church is infallible, it is a curious question whether her Universities still teach that the earth stands still.

Vicenza may represent the location of Utica. Verona, though much larger than Syracuse, may represent that city. It is a charming old town with its amphitheatre and towers. Shakspeare has immortalized the place by his *Romeo and Juliet*, and his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Brescia, with its story of the gallant Bayard, may represent Auburn; Bergamo, Geneva; Milan, Rochester; Novara, Batavia, and Turin, Buffalo.

On reaching Novara we were deeply interested in beholding the place where the great battle was fought on the 22d of March, 1849, between the Austrians, under Radetsky, and

the Sardinians under their King, Carlo Alberto. The present King and his father fought all day with prodigious bravery, but at night their shattered army retired from the field. Radetsky concluded a peace on liberal terms, but Carlo Alberto abdicated his throne and returned to Spain. His son Vittorio I., now reigns in his stead.

The King of Sardinia seemed to be free with his people, and is opposed to parade.— He has a splendid palace in the city, but he spends his nights in the country. He often rides on horseback, accompanied by a single attendant. While hunting on one occasion, this past year, he was met by three men who demanded his money. “But, he says, do you know who I am?” “Yes; you are the King, and you have money, we have none.” “How much do you want?” “One thousand francs.” On handing them the amount he said, “You must hasten or the guard will have you.” He is a widower, with six children. \* He seems to be neither a Protestant nor a Christian. But fortunately for the State he attends to his own private affairs, and leaves the people to govern themselves.

The terrible struggle now in Sardinia is between the government and the priesthood.

The strangest sight we have seen in Italy is a monument erected here to commemorate the time when ecclesiastical rule ceased in Piedmont. One of the first acts of the King, under the constitution, was a grant to build a Protestant church in Turin. When upbraided by the priests, he sagely asked: "Are you in want of any more churches?" "No." "But why should you have all you want and my Protestant subjects have none?" This church has three pastors. Pastor BERT preaches in French; pastor MEILLE, a most godly and zealous man, preaches in Italian. They have a fine modern church. Last Sabbath they introduced their new organ. In Italy a church is necessarily an establishment. Since 1848 they purchased a large and valuable lot. Unexpectedly the city has been growing in this direction, so that their property is now upon one of the principal streets and is worth twice its original cost. On this lot they are now completing a block of buildings, which contains a chapel, three parsonages, two hospitals, a printing establishment, several school rooms, and cheap tenements for poor Protestants. Through the liberality of the Christian world the means of grace are now in full operation, and among the benighted people, as one of the pastors said to me,

"there has been a great fever of changing religions." Through the wonderful blessing of God their little band has become a large religious society, of 1,500 souls. One of the first contributions for this church was from America. And I am sure that every true American will gladly bestow his alms and prayers for the cause of liberty and religion in Sardinia.

In addition to religious toleration the government are struggling to remove the burdens of the people. Under the popular lead of Count Cavour they have endeavored to lessen the number of church festivals and to regulate the civil marriage vow. There is an enormous property in Convents. Sometimes a few indolent persons occupy an immense Convent in the most valuable part of a city. One third of these convents have been abolished. As fast as they run out they are to be occupied by the government and the salaries of the clergy are to be more nearly equalized. Those engaged in this work have been cut off from the sacrament of the church.— But the Parliament laughs at these fulminations of the church and proceed with their work. At a recent election the Priesthood has been aroused to their utmost exertions.—

They are charged with many false returns, and yet the Liberals have triumphed.

There are vast numbers of unmarried men in Sardinia, Priests, Monks and soldiers—as a consequence, there are here vast numbers of children without acknowledged parents. To provide for such, the country is filled with foundling establishments. An infant is placed upon the steps, the bell is rung, and without inquiry the child is taken in. Just at present the Liberals in Parliament, are discussing the propriety of their usual enormous appropriation for the support of these establishments. This discussion is producing, in certain quarters, no little irritation.

If the revolution of 1848 has done nothing but redeem Sardinia, it has accomplished a magnificent work. As the result of its liberal Government, we find Turin the wonder of Italy. In 1848 it was a small city. Now it contains 160,000 inhabitants, Liberals from every part of Italy are flocking in here.

The crowd of beggars has entirely disappeared. New streets are making, and substantial buildings are rising. A splendid palace of Industry has been built and filled on the banks of the Po. Magnificent Railroad Depots are found on each side of the City. The hotels, stores and markets are fine,

and it really seems like the progress of an American city. The whole Kingdom seems to have received a wonderful impulse. It embraces the Island of Sardinia and the large territory between the Mediterranean and Lake Geneva, including Genoa, Piedmont, Savoy, &c. Under its liberal Government, the Kingdom of Sardinia is becoming prosperous, popular and populous. And if not checked in her manly strides she will soon stand forth to the world, a mighty power in Europe. May her example teach the tyrants of Italy the value of religious toleration and the safety and happiness of constitutional Government.

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

\* The eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia has just been married to the Prince NAPOLEON. If her beauty equals the sweet portrait of her mother, now in the Palace, it is not strange that her royal lord is reported to be greatly in love with her.

## NO. XIX.

LA TOUR, June 25th, 1858

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Here I am, at last, in this old citadel of Protestant Christianity. It has stood the shock of thirty four cruel and deadly wars and has borne long and patiently the curse of military and priestly despotism. Here is the old village, and, towering all around us, are the mighty mountains, which sheltered the Waldenses in times of persecution. — And, away up *there*, is the old cave with its hidden mouth, where the women and children were concealed. In time of war the men would appear on one height, but before they could be reached they were off upon another. They had great facilities for evading the enemy, as they were familiar with the passes, and here in this region is the highest peak in Europe, except Mont Blanc. But in 1654 some miserable Judas guided the enemy to this secret cave, where 200 women and children were put to death. The men were promised security if they would return to their homes, but upon yonder hill Castellas, at a given signal, they were massacred, roasted, cut to pieces, blown up with gun-

powder, drawn asunder with ropes and dashed down the precipitous rocks. Cromwell sent a threatening letter, by a special envoy, to the Duke of Savoy, and peace was restored. He also appointed in Great Britain a day for prayer and alms, in which nearly \$200,000 were collected for the afflicted Waldenses. But in 1683 Louis XIV of France proposed to unite with the Duke of Savoy for the utter and eternal extermination of these inoffensive and loyal christians. The mountains were actually covered with soldiers. Eleven thousand Waldenses were starved or frozen to death, and 2000 children were stolen away to be educated as Catholics! The remnant fled to Switzerland, and for three years these consecrated mountains and vallies were desolate and silent. At the end of this time a little band were led back to their mountain passes by HENRI ARNAUD, the modern Leonidas of modern Thermopylæ.—ARNAUD was a young preacher, who was called by his abilities to the command of his countrymen. After crossing Lake Geneva and the Alps, with 800 men, he met 2,500 French soldiers at the bridge of Salabertran. With the loss of a dozen or twenty men, he left 600 soldiers dead upon the field and passed on. After reaching their mountain



heights they defended themselves against 22,000 disciplined soldiers until the King and the Duke quarreled, and the war was closed. This was their last conflict. Although the Waldenses were reduced to 3000 persons their enemies have ever since found it prudent to confine themselves to mean annoyances and barbarous persecutions.

I have been received here at La Tour with great kindness by the Rev. Dr. REVEL and his lady. I had seen the Dr. in America.—Through his aid the earnest desires of my life have been gratified—I have seen the Waldenses in their mountain homes. I was much gratified to see here the portrait of Gen. BECKWITH. He is now in Turin. The General is an Englishman, who lost a leg at Waterloo. He has lived with this people more or less for 30 years, and has donated to their improvement towards of \$50,000. During the middle ages this sect numbered in Europe several hundred thousand. They are said to have passed as missionaries from Cologne to Florence. In later years they tell of a meeting of Synod, where 140 ministers were together. But the present population of this particular region is 23,000. They have fifteen parishes and fifteen pastors. I am surprised to find that in each of these par-

ishes there has always been, by law, a Catholic church. In each parish one or more priests have been supported by government, although in one case the Catholic parish only consisted of a single old lady ! This people are greatly straitened for room. Every inch of ground is cultivated, and soil is carried upon mens' backs to their mountain heights.

Two hundred of the Waldenses have been induced to immigrate to South America. Recent news from that colony is discouraging. The soil of Piedmont, baptized with the blood and tears of their Fathers, needs them, and it is ardently hoped that they will remove into the low lands and form centres of christian worship in every village and city in Sardinia, thus verifying the motto upon thir coat of arms "*Lux lucet in tene bris.*" This is their undoubted destiny. They are Italians, and the gallant heroism of their Fathers, and the christian sincerity of the race, for so many centuries, give them an influence in Sardinia much greater than the churches of Europe that have been reformed. The change in ten years at La Tour is almost miraculous. Then the Priests in each parish were not only spies, but officers of State. — Now priestly dominion is broken. Then the Protestant church was not allowed to stand

in the village. Now, they have a beautiful edifice, that will hold a thousand people, and the service is well attended. Then the catholics had a grand new church that was going to attract and convert all the people. They have not one new convert yet. Then, a little prayer-meeting was suppressed by priestly power. Now, they worship God as they list. Then, they could scarcely get a permit for a high school. Now, they have a fine seminary of learning, with good buildings and many professors, and more than one hundred students. Several of these students are converted catholics. Two of them have just completed their Theological course, and are going to the seminary at Edinburgh to spend a year. The best friends of the Waldenses have been CROMWELL and BONAPARTE. Under the administration of the latter they purchased property in the plains. Just before the revolution in 1848, the Jesuits procured a decree that these lands should be sold in six months. The owner appealed to CARLO ALBERTO, the father of the present King, and in every case they had his kind and private permission to remain. Now they may purchase property where they please.

The Waldenses are extending their religious operations. They are laboring for the

illumination and conversion of others. Ten years ago they could have no press in Sardinia. The Bible was a concealed book.—Sir CNLLING EARDLLEY was expelled from Genoa for giving away a single copy of the Roman Catholic edition of the Scriptures.—The Waldenses could have no part in the Government. They were forbidden to build churches, to proselyte, or to preach. Now they have modern presses, publishing newspapers, tracts and books. Six thousand copies of the scriptures are being sold and distributed over the kingdom each year.—They have had a deputy in Parliament. They have fine churches at Turin, Genoa, Nice and Pinerolo. The number of preaching stations is increasing. And there is just now a religious movement of great interest at Asti and Alexandria. The Priests are as bitter and violent as ever in their opposition. They resort to force, but the police interfere, the government are firm, and the people are unmoved. I have spent some time at Pinerolo. It is between this place and Turin. Mr. LENOX, of New York, contributes largely towards the building of a fine church here.—The rooms below for schools and lectures are completed. The workmen are now engaged upon the audience room. As I looked out

from this Protestant Church upon the beautiful promenade in front and saw the Priest and people; as I remembered how often the utter extermination of the Waldenses had here been plotted and vowed and undertaken; as I remembered the old rulers of Sardinia, the most bigoted and bloody in Europe. I could not but exclaim, *Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful change!* The Priests say that the prayers of the present King's ancestors, now in Heaven, will stop this movement. If there was any danger of this the murdered Waldenses would out pray these bloody Kings. God has heard their groans and bottled their tears and seems to be answering the prayer of MILTON, the renowned Secretary of CROMWELL:

"Avenge. O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, \* \* \*  
 Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields."

Very truly your friend,      W. W. N.

## NO. XX.

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June 29th, 1858.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS—As I despair of time to write you another full letter at a single sitting, I propose to give you the history of a single day. While dreaming this morning, at 5 o'clock, I was awakened in the vale of Chamouni, by the blowing of an Alpine horn. A sheperd boy was leading off his goats to pasture. At once, there came thronging over me an indistinct recollection of all that I had ever heard in story, or read in ryhme or prose, of Savoy and Switzerland.

I was soon at my window. Mont Blanc towered up into the blue heavens ; his white robed, chrystal summit glittered in the pure sunlight of God. It was indeed a gorgeous sight—a sight most earnestly sought, but not always found. About three hundred days in the year, envious clouds float in wreaths or hang in heavy folds around his hoary head. Into this impenetrable shrowd, the eager eye of man prys in vain. I looked toward the opposite mountain. There a mammoth avalanche had plunged its hugh mass of desolation into the very lap of this little valley.

It was a fete day, and a sweet toned bell was ringing forth its matin peal. Men and mules were gathering in the streets. Goats and cows, with tinkling music, were passing off to their mountain strolls.

After breakfast, the streets were filled, to view our departure for the Mer de Glace. It was a novel scene. My wife and two estimable scotch ladies were soon marching off on Mules, led by guides. My children, with myself, led the way on foot. With our long iron pointed alpenstocks so essential on the ice, we looked like a band of mountain peasants. The ascent of Montagne Vert was very steep, and almost three hours long. From the mountain house, we made a precipitous decent, more than a thousand feet, to the shore of the ice. In all its windings, the Mer de Glace is fifty miles long. It is here one mile wide ; it is fearful getting down the precipice to the shore, and it is more fearful stepping over the chasms of unfathomable depth, that are yawning every where upon the ice. The ice is not smooth, there are stones, boulders, snow and dirt, and mimic mountains. It is indeed a little sea-tempest waves of the Atlantic, frozen hard. It moves downward one foot each day, and opposite to us are needle sloped peaks, bristling spears

6000 feet high, too smooth and sharp for snow to nestle in.

But I must leave all numerics to guide books and all glowing descriptions to those who write "hymns in the vale of Chamouni," and make books "in the shadow of Mont Blanc."

Montagne Vert is covered, as far as vegetation extends, with the favorite fir tree.—

Every where its fretted points are towering upward.

And as I wound around and up the mountain side I seemed to be climbing the steep of some vast Cathedral, whose towering spire was lost in clouds. And there was worship there. Even the great stones were preachers, and immense cascades of water rushing from the Mer de Glace sounded forth the great organ peal. Distant avalanches thundered out the heavy bass. The eagle, the goat and chamois joined in the chorused anthem. And hard indeed must be the heart that would not gush forth in this sounding hymn to the great Eternal.

With one exception, the Mer de Glace is the grandest thing I have seen abroad. It is so cold, and wild, and strange. One thinks of Arctic regions, eternal ice, and Dr. KANE. It is all-glorious and wonderful. Not one



stone has been lifted there, not one glacier has been polished by man.

But there is one thing grander. No part of the earth ever has or ever will move me like Vesuvius. The immense height, the awful desolation, the impenetrable mystery, the unfathomable abyss of fire, and the bursting volcano, *all* conspire to make this the grandest of all God's stupendous works upon the continent of Europe \* \* \* \*

But twilight has come. The sun has long since set. The deep shadows are gathering over the scene. Jagged rocks, dark fir trees, deep ravines, broad avalanches, crystal minarets, icy caverns and the grand mulets, are all mingling together in unintelligible obscurity. We are seated at our late dinner. The door of our hall opens and an English friend, greatly excited, beckons us away. We rush out to the front balcony, and what a sight is there. Over the mountain, somewhere in the great world, the sun had come out from a cloud, and away up upon the mountain top, 12,000 feet above us, it is pouring upon the snow-white head of Mont Blanc a flood of transparent light, that can only be surpassed in purity and splendor by the magnificent glory of Heaven itself.

Dinner is over. The hum of the valley has

died away. The house is quiet, but still I sit under the dark shadow of the great mountain writing to loved ones, and thinking gratefully of Him who hath led and spared us. For we have passed dangers to-day. We have crossed the track of avalanches, where the misstep of a mule, the turning of a saddle or the crumbling of the soil would have plunged us whirling down an abyss of many thousand feet. With our alpenstocks we have stepped over great, gaping fissures in the ice, where a slip of the foot would have precipitated us down into caverns of unfathomable darkness and depth. A stone carelessly sent from above just escaped the head of my daughter. I started in terror at the danger. For this and every other deliverance I now thank God. Thus you have a meagre account of one more day of travel. With a wearied body and a gladsome heart I must bid you a loving good night.

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June 30th.

We are here some days from Turin. The cars took us from that city to Susa, at the foot of the Alps. We found attached to the Diligence ten mules and two horses. We blessed BONAPARTE for a smooth road and a fine

grade. Up, and up, and up the side we went, backward and forward, a perfect zig zag—now in the deep gorge—now on a frightful bridge over the dashing cataract—now hanging directly over the yawning precipice.—Finally we reached the rocks, the snow, the clouds. We passed the cantonniers houses, crumbling Hospice, the icy lake, and we were at the top of the Alps. What pure ether what profound stillness! what stupendous views! what awful desolation! Dismissing our mules two fine horses were attached to our Diligence, and we rushed, whirling, down the sides of the Alps with frightful velocity. BONAPARTE'S road is thirty miles long. After a night at Aix Le Bains we came by boat and cars to Geneva.

We had a tedious day to Chamouni, by Diligence. We passed a country subject to the disease called Goitre. The scenery was diversified with Swiss cottages, wild water falls, deep ravines, snow white glaciers and interminable mountains.

Very truly your friend,                      W. W. N.

## NO. XXI.

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Geneva, July, 5, 1853.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is a living pleasure to reach this clean, healthful, protestant city. After so long a sojourn amid the filth and beggary of Italy, it is really delightful to walk upon the banks of this pure Lake, to meet this well-dressed, energetic people and to hear once more the kind voice of Christian brethren. On our arrival here we had not heard from home for a month. My son burst into the room with a handful of letters from America. We seized and held them! What fearful tidings have they brought across the deep? Slowly the seals were broken.—Thank God—*all well at home!* But alas! alas! two dear friends are in their graves. Thus keen are the fears and joys and woes of travelers.

Letters from Dr's Cox, BAIRD and KIRK to several persons in Geneva, have secured us a very cordial reception here. Dr. MERLE D'AUBIGNE very kindly invited me to his own table, and I had the pleasure of meeting him and his family on several other occasions. He lives in the house that belonged

to his father. It is beautifully embowered in elms, evergreens and roses. The grounds reach to the very borders of the Geneva Lake. As I entered this charming retreat, I could not but exclaim, "The very place where the history of the reformation should be written!" Time, labor and the sad loss of his wife, are leaving their marks upon the Doctor. He is tall and gray, with heavy eyebrows and good features. In conversation he is genial. In public speaking his voice is full, his person commanding, and his gestures impressive. He informed me that two more volumes of his history of the reformation are nearly ready for publication, and that they will both appear at the same time.

During one of my Sabbaths here, I have listened to the preaching of the venerable Dr. MALAN. From a long and rich experience he insisted upon his favorite topic—"The assurance of faith." On another occasion I listened to the successor of CALVIN, at St. Peter's Cathedral. His orthodoxy is questioned. I learned, however, that the young preachers and the students connected with the seminary of this State church, are becoming earnest and evangelical. May the

time be hastened when but one Theological Seminary will be needed in Geneva.

My second visit here has purposely occurred during the meeting of the Evangelical Society. It was held in the Oratoire. It has been a Missionary jubilee. The attendance and interest have reminded me of our May meetings, in olden times. Delegates were present from many portions of France and Switzerland, from Piedmont, Sweden, Belgium and Canada. Their accounts of the present state, and the future prospects of religion, were highly encouraging. They called me out, as an American. I told them how many of the Christians of the new world venerated the name of CALVIN—how familiarly we knew, and how ardently we loved the present Christians of Geneva. I assured them of our hearty fellowship and our warm sympathy in their great work of Evangelization. I referred to what I had seen and known of the great awakening, how the work had been carried forward, and I proposed to the lay and clerical Christians present, that henceforth we toil and pray and preach, with the one specific design of leading souls to Jesus. I could not have spoken under more favorable auspices, as the Moderator, Dr. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, introduced me

to the audience at the close of a very eloquent speech from Dr. MONOD, of Paris, upon the institutions and revivals of America. Having just left our shores, his speech was heard with profound attention. He described the liberality of a people who had carried him thousands of miles without railroad fare, or hotel bills. He not only referred to the magnitude of our revivals, but insisted upon their soundness. Among other proofs he instanced, in a most feeling manner, the conversion of his own son.

On one evening during the religious festival, there was a reunion of Christians at the house of Mr. LE FORT. His old mansion is upon the banks of the Lake. There are many acres in his grounds. As we neared the house, a fairy scene appeared. Several hundred people were moving about under the old elms and sycamores, amid the last rays of the setting sun. Here refreshments were served. At dark, the lamps were lighted, the bell was rung, and we all gathered around the large balcony for religious service. Dr.'s MERLE, MILAN, MONOD and other distinguished men addressed the people. The music was grand.

Dr. MONOD insisted again upon the great work in America, and its great need in Eu-

rope. He will do the same in France. And I cannot but consider it a wonderful Providence that detained him in America during the revival. Mr. LE FORT is connected with the State Church. There were also present a large number of lay and clerical members of the same body. They sympathise with the evangelical movement. It is thought they would now declare themselves independent of the State, but for the fear that the Catholic church would be adopted as the State Church.

I have stood over the grave of the great and good CALVIN. He was charged with the death of Servetus. But at the time of his execution CALVIN had no political office and his influence with the State was always limited. It was a moral and religious influence. *Calvin did not demand the execution of Servetus.* He made his escape from the Catholic dungeons of Vienna and was executed by the decision of all the Protestant magistrates of Switzerland. CALVIN did not think he should be put to death for error, but for blasphemy. In this opinion he was wrong. But he plead the demands of the Jewish law. It was the error of the age. The world was with him. CALVIN loved republican liberty. Through the Puritans of England our views of freedom



may be traced to Geneva. CALVIN was a lover of learning. The college he here founded is still flourishing. He was a mighty thinker. Through his clear writings he has influenced the theology of the Protestant world. We wonder that a man brought up for the Catholic priesthood, 300 years ago, should have done so nobly. But he supposed, with the rest of the world, that the State was responsible for error, and was bound to suppress it.

So fifty years ago good men in America thought it right to drink brandy, and thirty years ago there was a law in England to execute witches, and even now the Inquisition is in full blast in Italy.

Last week there was quite a sensation produced by the arrival at our Hotel of the PRINCESS HELENA and suite, from Russia.

Yesterday we most patriotically remembered the Fourth of July, with our friends, JONES and BROWN, *alias* YOUNG and NELSON, of New York City.

Geneva is flourishing. With the aid of foreign capital, large stone blocks are rising in the vicinity of the Railroad Depot. The city contains over 30,000 inhabitants. Her jewelry, silks, and music-boxes have a world-

wide fame. The morals and religion of the place are improving, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the light of this little star may yet shine forth purer and brighter than ever before.

Very truly your friend, W. W. N.

## NO. XXII.

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BADEN BADEN, July 7th, 1858

It was a bright morning, Dear Friends, when we left our splendid Hotel at Geneva. It stands upon the very banks of the wide, clear and swift-running Rhone. We passed over the long bridge and bidding farewell to the graceful swans and the little Island with its sweet shrubbery and its sitting statue of ROSSEAU, we hurried on board the steamer for Coppet and Lausaune. This Island in the very heart of the city always reminds me of the Iris in our own Niagara. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this sail up the Lake Lemman. The gently rising banks on both sides are covered with fields of green groves, gardens and country seats; while, in the distance, mountain piled on mountain stretches away to the very summit of Mont Blanc itself.

I was very happy to meet on board the boat, my old friend, Dr. REVEL, of La Tour. As there is no provision for the insane among the Waldenses, he was on his way to an Asylum in Switzerland with a young Professor in their institution, who had been

crazed by too much study. It was sad to look upon the melancholy countenance of this young man, as he was borne away from his post of usefulness. I received from the Dr. much cheering information respecting the progress of religion in the Kingdom of Sardinia. In passing through a benighted part of Savoy, we had found a village of Bible readers and protestant worshippers, with its ably conducted religious newspaper. I was informed by Dr. REVEL that this was the work, under God, of a single young man, who was designed by his father for the Priesthood. He thought he discovered error and abuses. He began to argue with the Priests, procured a Bible for information, saw his own sin and want and became a zealous disciple of Christ. This seems to be God's method of spreading the truth.

CALVIN, ZWINGLE and LUTHER, were educated for the Priesthood and were led in the same way.

There is a charm to an American traveler about the Protestant villages of Switzerland. They differ in appearance from Catholic towns as decidedly as fields of wheat and grass. You can tell them instantly; the houses, fences, children and people are all different. Geneva, Coppet, Lausanne, Vevay

and Chillon lie upon the shores of this lake, on banks of living green. Here we find traces not only of CALVIN and BEZA, of MERLE GAUSSEN, LA HARP and MALAN, but also of VOLTAIRE, ROSSEAU, GIBBON, Madame DE STAEL, DE SAUSSURE and BYRON. Madame DE STAEL and her distinguished father are buried at Coppet, and we saw at that most charming and romantic of all places, Lausanne, the fine old grounds where GIBBON wrote the three last volumes of his decline and fall of the Roman Empire. There is a new Hotel upon the spot bearing his name. Here is the old family house of Prof. AGASSIZ, now of Cambridge. Here are some relics of NAPOLEON, presented by his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, who once studied here. We stopped at Neufchatel, at the foot of the Jura mountains. It has a very prosperous literary gymnasium and stretches along upon a beautiful lake of its own name. And the noble, old, picturesque city of Berne, with its colossal bears, its splendid parks, its projecting arcades and its delightful promenade more than a hundred feet high, hanging directly over the river Aar, as it sweeps around the town, and Zurich, the cradle of the Reformation, the home of ZWINGLE, who with his false notions of war, was one of God's brave and earnest noblemen.

On nearing Bale we passed through a Railroad tunnel near six miles long. We stopped at the "Three Kings." On looking out of our windows, in the morning, the turbid waters of the great Rhine were dashing directly by the foundation of our Hotel. This old city of 24,000 people has a sacred history.— It is still a centre of christian light.

Here ZWINGLE was educated, ERASMUS and ECOLAMPADIUS were buried, CALVIN, LUTHER and MELANTHON sojourned and labored. Its Bibles and Missionary societies are among the oldest extant. The University, the Museum, the old sand stone Cathedral, the public walks, the flowing fountains and the rushing Rhine are all matters of intense interest. Just outside of Bale is the field of St. Jacob, where, in 1444 a brave Swiss band of 1600 men resisted 16000 Frenchmen. But ten of the Swiss were left alive!

We passed down the banks of the Rhine to this place in the cars. We found Freyburg at the very foot of the "pine covered mountains" of the Black Forest. We were delighted with the graceful, airy towers of the old Cathedral, 380 feet high. It is stone fretwork, wrought to the very pinnacle with exquisite skill.

Strasburg, upon the opposite side of the

Rhine, was once a free city. Louis XIV in time of peace stole the place and it has ever since been a French city, with a German population. We were told that it could not be entered without fresh passports. By leaving our baggage at Kehl, however, we were permitted to pass the furious Rhine upon a heavy bridge of boats. As we drove up into the centre of this old and strongly fortified town, a guide met us at the door of the carriage with the exclamation, "Quick, for the Cathedral, or you will be too late." Before we reached the door of the church, the clock began to strike twelve. "Hurry, hurry," was the cry. We rushed into the building, and to our utter amazement saw an immense throng, all gazing at the inside clock. On looking up we see the figures of the twelve Apostles passing around the Saviour. Close by upon the summit of a pillar, an immense cock lifts his wings and crows most lustily. At his third crowing, Peter appears with a dejected look and passes the same round. The moment it was over, these hundreds of people, just as foolish as ourselves, rushed out of the church. We stopped to examine the Cathedral. This most wonderful spire is higher than St. Paul's, St. Peter's or even the Pyramids of

Egypt. It is 474 feet to the top. We also visited the Protestant churches. It is strange to find them the most numerous in a French town. In St. Thomas' church we found a beautiful group of figures commemorative of the Protestant Marshal SAXE. There are monuments also to the memory of two of BONAPARTE'S generals—DESSAIX, who was killed at Merango, and KLEBER who was assassinated by an Arab, in Egypt.

While at the Oas station, three miles from Baden, the cars came in from Carlsruhe.—Among them was the Royal carriage. The great officers of the railroad, all in uniform, marshaled us upon the platform. The Grand Duke of Baden, a fine looking young man, descended from the cars and conversed with a gentleman at our side, while the Dutchess, who is the sister of Prince WILLIAM of Prussia, tripped along with her attendants. They are exceedingly popular.

We find Baden Baden a perfect little Eden. Here nature and art seem to have combined their fascinating powers. The walks and springs and cottages extend from the wild, irregular glen up the sides of the black forest hill. But on looking into the splendid saloons, we find the serpent is in



Eden. Men and women, Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Princes all gambling with the most unblushing effrontery. And we learn that the gathering of respectable people at this most attractive of all watering places is yearly diminishing on account of the wickedness of the city.

Yours ever,

WW. N.

## NO. XXIII.

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COLOGNE, July 9th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In descending the Rhine from Bale to Cologne, we have succeeded in viewing all the prominent towns and castles upon both its sides. This has occupied some days. On our way to Baden Baden, we passed Carlsruhe, (Charles Rest) the Capitol of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the present residence of the Grand Duke. Its streets all radiate from the Palace ; it is a quiet, shaded, beautiful city of 22,000 inhabitants. This great valley of the Rhine is said to have been once an immense lake ; the soil is rich and productive.

On nearing Heidleberg, the whole romance of our nature was aroused. Its past history is one of fierce conflict, and terrible carnage. It now contains but 15,000 inhabitants. We saw its immense library and the famous University, with its forty professors and its six hundred students. The appearance of the students is peculiar, owing to their very small, bright-colored caps. The next object of interest upon the main street is the old Cathedral ; for more than a century it has

been divided by a brick wall. The protestants occupy three-fifths of it. In one of the church yards here, JEROME of Prague once expounded the doctrines of the reformation, to a crowd of listeners.

The windows of our hotel, the Prinz Karl, looked up upon the old Castle. The Castle! who can describe it? It is not a mere Castle. It is a fortress. It is the most magnificent ruin in Germany. Many books have described its beauty, grandeur and history, and yet they are undescribed and indescribable. From the very bosom of the town a wooded hill rises to the height of 700 feet.—High upon its side in solitary grandeur stands out this immense ruin. Its mammoth greatness and fine preservation, its deep labyrinths and heavy buttresses, its enormous pinnacles and towers, rising against the dark and wooded back-ground, its winding walks and dancing streams, its early pomp and tragic end, all conspire to make this the grandest and most romantic of all castle ruins. There is a portion of the castle called the English Palace. Here ELIZABETH, sister of CHARLES 1st of England and wife of FREDERICK 5th, said to her husband when offered the crown of Bohemia, "Let me rather eat dry bread at a *King's* table than

feast at the board of an *Elector*." She became a Queen and lived to beg her bread. This castle has been burned with fire, blown up with gunpowder and struck with lightning. The walls of the Towers are 22 feet thick, and so solid that when blown up with powder they slide unbroken into the valley below. The Heidleberg Tun is as high as a two story house and holds 800 hogsheads. From the top of these mighty Towers, covered with ivy, shrubs and trees, we beheld a magnificent spectacle. The great valley, over which such waves of crime and blood have swept, the sweet Neckar, winding around the base of the hill, the Rhine, rolling away to the sea, the old castle of Trifels, where Cœur de Lion was hidden, the crumbling cottage where LUTHER once dwelt, and, as far as the eye can reach, the hills of Bavaria, the Black Forest and the Vosges of France.

Manheim, once the capital of the Palatinate, is a pleasant city of 25,000 inhabitants, situated at the junction of the Neckar with the Rhine. The history of this city is a history of destruction and blood. Since it has no fortifications it prospers. Here, upon the Parade Platz, SCHILLER lived and flourished.

At Manheim we took the boat for Worms, upon the opposite side of the river. Worms is

an old Roman town. Here CHARLEMAGNE was married. It is a city renowned for its Diets. Just outside the walls is the old elm tree under which LUTHER rested and uttered that most famous speech about the tiles and devils of Worms. Here LUTHER appeared, in 1521, before the most august assemblage on earth. The chief powers of the Continent were represented—Emperor CHARLES V, sovereign of the new and old world, Arch Duke FERDINAND, 200 Electors, Dukes, Princes, Margraves, Archbishops, Barons, Counts and Ambassadors. By the Christian heroism, discretion and zeal of LUTHER, he gained a signal conquest over these formidable powers. He was at this time the most renowned man in Europe. In reaching the Diet, which was held in a building since destroyed by the French, the crowds in the streets were so dense that a way was made for him by force. Never were hate and love so intense and universal. It was glorious to stand in those old streets and conjure up that magnificent array of pomp and power defeated by a single monk. The very tiles of the houses frowned upon us. And we turned away amazed that Protestant tourists, yea, even that Protestant ministers who have so assiduously sought out the Bambinos and Madonnas of Italy, should

pass down upon the other side of the river leaving this hallowed spot where our great Protestator exposed his life for the truth we love.

At Worms we took the cars for Mayence, upon the same side of the river. This busy and fortified city of 37,000 inhabitants, was founded by DRUSUS, the son-in-law of AUGUSTUS. Nearly opposite the city the river Maine joins the Rhine. Mayence is renowned as the place where the art of printing with moveable types was first discovered by GUTTEMBERG.

Here are his tomb and his renowned statue by THORWALDSEN. Here still stands the house extant the first printing office ever known to where GUTTEMBERG was born, and here is still the world. - We have seen the first Bible printed here.

We passed the Rhine upon a bridge of boats to Cassel, and thence by cars went out 20 miles from the Rhine, to the old, free, republican, protestant city of Frankfort on the Maine. Upon looking out of our Hotel windows, we were surprised to see long-legged storks marching about upon the tops of chimneys, where they have their nests. We found Frankfort a clean, nice, beautiful city, with

70,000 inhabitants. It is the present seat of the German Diet. The public gardens are on the site of the ancient fortifications, and many of the splendid dwellings are embowered in foliage. Every city has its Prophet and its public statue. GOETHE, the intellectual sovereign of his age, reigns here. We visited the room where he was born. We saw, in the Romer, or town hall, full length portraits of all the German Emperors for 900 years.—We also saw, upon the corner of the Dom Platz, the house where LUTHER was in the habit of preaching to the people in the square below. Here originated, in one of the dirtiest streets in the Jews' quarter, the family of ROTHSCHILDS. In this city the father lived and died. He was succeeded here by ANSELM, his eldest son. SOLOMON settled in Vienna, NATHAN in London, CHARLES in Naples, and JAMES in Paris. There is an old caricature here of the eldest son. A small, bald man, he gives a beggar woman a kreutzer. She exclaims "God bless you a thousand fold." He reckons a moment, and says, "How much have I then? Sixteen florins and forty kreutzers."

From Mayence we took the boat to Cologne. Imagine the Hudson, with great rafts, 700 feet long, covered each with a hundred

men, and scenery higher and more extensive than that of West Point, with every mountain summit, and jutting cliff, and craggy height, crowned with turreted towers and bristling fortresses of "robber Knights and feudal Lords," and you have this portion of the Rhine. We first saw JOHANNISBERG, presented to Prince METTERNICH by the Emperor of Austria. At Bingen, we thought of Mrs. NORTON's dying soldier. At Caub, the army of BLUCHER, just returning from the battle of Waterloo, which they had just decided, knelt and shouted together, "the Rhine, the Rhine." Nothing can exceed the beauty and romance of Coblenz. Just above is the splendid castle and Palace where the King of Prussia gave a magnificent entertainment to Queen VICTORIA. Nearly opposite is the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, upon which Prussia has spent five millions, since it was blown up by NAPOLEON. Here the charming "blue Moselle" flows into the Rhine. Then comes the classic and elegant Bonn where BEETHOVEN was born, and where the widow of the late Gen. HAVELOCK now resides.

At its modern flourishing protestant University, with its forty Professors and a thousand students, Prince ALBERT was educated.— Here are the graves of NIEBUHR and SCHLE-



GEL. And last of all comes this dirty, busy town of Cologne, with its 100,000 inhabitants, which takes its name from the mother of Nero, who was born here. In this city is the famous church of St. Ursula, whose walls are horribly disfigured with the pretended skulls of 11,000 virgins, put up in glass cases. But the great thing at Cologne is the Cathedral. This is a grand affair. The old crane still stands upon the unfinished tower, but the protestant and liberal King of Prussia is devoting large sums yearly to its completion, and when done, its towers will be 500 feet high, and it will stand forth to the world the most surpassingly magnificent Gothic church that was ever built.

Ever yours,

W. W. N

## NO. XXIV.

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ROTTERDAM, July 12, 1858.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS:—What little things affect a foreign traveler. It is my custom to purchase engravings of prominent objects last seen. During our last evening at Cologne, a gentleman in a print-shop addressed me as an American. After some conversation I said to him, "and pray, sir, your name?" "I am W. E. DODGE of New York." "And I am Mr. N., of Syracuse." "Ah, Mr. N., I have just parted from a member of your family at my house in New York. I told him I should meet you some where and here you are." And we shook hands with all the enthusiasm of Americans, Brothers, Christians. Finding that our families were at the same Hotel, we all together talked most energetically till near midnight. In the morning they went up the Rhine, we came down. Like two ships at sea, we hailed each other and parted. But how much good that salutation did us!

Following the track of others, we had not planned to visit Holland. But we have been amazed at our stupidity. The country is

low, flat and original; on this very account it should be seen. Much of the soil of Holland was stolen from the ocean. And as stolen prey it is jealously guarded by levees, dikes, flood-gates and men, at an annual cost of five millions. The sea is twenty-four feet above the lowest soil. Hence much and has been swallowed up. Hundreds of thousands of people have been drowned and freighted ships now pass over buried villages. Some of the land hardly seems to swim.—The fences are narrow canals. There are 9000 immense wind mills stretching their long, broad arms to every breeze. There are five millions of people, mostly Protestants.—Holland early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. And having freed herself from the Spaniards, under the great Prince of Orange and his son, she enjoyed a wonderful prosperity as a Christian Republic for 200 years. In the early part of this century the churches departed sadly from the faith and practice of the Fathers. Since 1835 evangelical religion has been making progress.

Having seen the best part of the Rhine, we came by rail from Cologne to Amsterdam. We passed Dusseldorf and Arnheim in Guelderland. At Utrecht the old walls of

the city are thrown down and upon this foundation a most charming walk surrounds the place, shaded with trees upon the water's edge.

After a week of toil and pleasure upon the Rhine, we thanked God for a Sabbath of rest in the old city of Amsterdam. We greatly enjoyed the services in Mr. McILRAITH's old Scotch church. But when the congregation rose and sung, in English, the 13th Psalm, our tumultuous emotions could not be controlled. We also attended church service in the old and new church. These are enormous buildings, with powerful organs.—Crowds of people were in attendance listening to preachers clothed in the old puritan style. Amsterdam was once the great commercial city of Europe. It now contains 212,000 inhabitants. It is built upon ninety islands. The broad Zuider Zee flows in from the ocean and there is a ship canal fifty miles long. Nearly every street has a broad canal, but unlike Venice there are sidewalks and carriage ways between the buildings and the canals. These walks are lined with large green trees and are cleaned with wonderful neatness. The ends of the often leaning houses are toward the street. They are built upon piles and are always of painted brick.

The steps, door casings and floors are often of Italian marble, and the furniture within is often princely. These queer houses, these wide streets with their gigantic trees, and these broad canals with their bridges and shipping, give to the city a most original and fanciful appearance. With the exception of St. Marks, the city is vastly more agreeable than Venice. The old State House of the Republic was used as a palace by LOUIS BONAPARTE, the father of the present French Emperor, when he was King of Holland. It is still a palace and contains some five Dutch paintings. Families some times occupy wind-mills. REMBRANDT, the great painter, was born in one of them. His statue is in one of the squares of the city.

The people of Holland have a wonderful veneration for the habits of their fathers.— Thus in this great and elegant city we saw ladies drawn over the stones of the streets in a carriage upon sleigh-runners. We were constantly meeting in the streets fine looking women from the north of Holland wearing upon their temples immense plates of gold, in the form of rosettes. Enormous rings are hanging from their ears, and rich white caps cover their heads. The children from the

richly endowed asylums are dressed in black cloth and red sewed together.

Our journey to Rotterdam has been full of interest. It was literally upon green banks by the side of still waters. We stopped first at Haarlem. Here is the mammoth organ of the world, with its 5000 pipes pouring forth their thundering sounds, that roll away amid the hollow arches of the old Cathedral. Haarlem is also noted for its tulips, hyacinths and flowers. But the principal thing of modern interest here is an immense lake, covering an area of 45,230 acres of land. By means of enormous engines this water has been pumped into a canal and carried to the sea. In 1853 the dry land was sold in lots and is now cultivated.

We found Leiden a beautiful city of 40,000 inhabitants, all embowered in foliage.— In 1573 the Spaniards besieged the city and declared that the Dutch could as easily pluck the stars from heaven as wrest Leiden from their grasp. After famine and pestilence had destroyed 6000 people a carrier pigeon brought news of relief. The Prince of Orange cut the dykes. A terrible storm drove in the sea, bringing in provisions and sweeping away the Spaniards. For this heroism the Prince offered them exemption from certain taxes or

a University. Leiden has ever since been renowned throughout the literary world for her eminent seat of learning. To an American, Leiden is one of the dearest spots upon the Continent. This is the sacred place where, for twelve years, our Puritan fathers found a shelter. Here the expedition of the *May Flower* was planned. Two hundred and thirty-eight years ago they walked these streets and occupied these dwellings. Here they cried to heaven for help, and God led them forth and made them the founders of a new, a grand, and a glorious world.

The next place of interest which we passed was the Hague. LOUIS BONAPARTE made this a city. It now contains 64,000 inhabitants. Here the royal family now reside. Having seen the Queen in France we were interested in all the particulars of her household. We constantly hear that complaints are made of her, not only by the King, but by her subjects, for the singular reason that she is too liberal in her political opinions. The eldest son, now 18 years old, has been educated at Leiden with other boys. He is spoken of as a promising young man, of fine abilities and of good scholarship.

We came next to Delft. Pottery was first made here. The place is famous for its Delft

ware. In the old church is a monument of Admiral TROMP. Near by is the house where WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, was shot in 1584 by a man confessedly employed by PHILIP II and the Jesuits.

Rotterdam is a great commercial city of 85,000 inhabitants. Its nearness to the sea and to the Rhine makes it one of the great outlets of Germany. It is advancing in population and business. There is a canal in every street, and the largest ships may come up to the owner's door. We have been much interested in visiting the house where ERASMUS was born. We found a vegetable shop in the first story; the statue of this most learned man, once Professor in Cambridge, England, and the publisher of the first edition of the New Testament in Greek, stands in the centre of a great market and is completely surrounded with vegetables.

Every American visiting Rotterdam should see Delft Haven. It is a shaded walk of two miles upon the levee. Here, July 22d, 1620, our Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Holland.— This is the scene of WEIR's painting in the Capitol at Washington. Amid prayers and sobs and tears they parted here, amid prayers and tears they landed on our shores.— Yes! they sowed in tears. And where is the



harvest? Where? We wait a 1000 years,  
and then from the great future of America;  
from every prairie, hill and forest, from every  
river, vale and city between the Atlantic and  
Pacific, between the Arctic and Caribbean  
seas, will come up the mighty response from  
hundreds of millions of happy beings, "The  
harvest is *here*."

Yours Truly,

W. W. N.

## NO. XXV.

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BRUSSELS, July 14, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have always regarded Belgium as the great battle field of other nations. The kingdom contains about five and one half millions of inhabitants. Northern Belgium is flat like Holland and teems with inhabitants speaking the Flemish language. Southern Belgium is hilly and sparsely inhabited with a people speaking the French language. Antwerp is the great northern city, Brussels the southern. The other principal cities are Bruges, Ghent, Liege, Tournay and Luxemburg. A word about the political changes of the last fifty years will throw light upon their present condition. In the early part of this century, Belgium belonged to France, and LOUIS BONAPARTE, brother of NAPOLEON, was King of Holland. In 1810 LOUIS abdicated the throne of Holland in favor of his infant son, the present Emperor of France. After the fall of NAPOLEON at the battle of Waterloo, the Congress of Vienna, in their settlement of nations, united Holland and Belgium and made the Dutch Prince of Orange, WILLIAM

1st, King of the Netherlands. The Union was unhappy. The Dutch were a nation of Protestant merchants, the Belgians were a nation of Catholic manufacturers. Holland was always an asylum for the persecuted in religion. Belgium was especially bigoted. The Pope excommunicated the Dutch Arch Bishops of Utrecht and Haarlem, who adhered to King WILLIAM, and the Priests of Belgium inculcated opposition to the constitutional government from the pulpit and the confessional. Owing to these and other causes, there was in 1830 a revolutionary separation of Holland and Belgium. WILLIAM continued King of Holland, the Duke de Nemours, son of LOUIS PHILIP, of France, was chosen King of Belgium. The French King having mysteriously declined this honor for his son, the Belgians elected for their ruler LEOPOLD, Prince of Saxe Coburg. LEOPOLD is the uncle of Queen VICTORIA and was the husband of the lamented Princess CHARLOTTE, daughter of GEORGE IVth, of England. On ascending the Belgian throne LEOPOLD married LOUISA, eldest daughter of LOUIS PHILIP. The children are strictly educated in the Catholic faith. The King worships in a Protestant chapel. It is a remarkable circumstance that the Belgians who

separated from the Dutch at the particular instigation of the Priesthood, should have afterwards elected a Protestant King. It is still more remarkable that the public mind, liberalized by the revolution, has ever since been agitated with the subject of Evangelical religion. So that the very thing intended to suppress religious investigation has promoted it. There is a great division among the Catholics of Belgium, between the Liberals and the Priesthood. Some Professors in the University complain that the Priesthood is a political party. The constitution and the King are both liberal. The Priests are instructed to give to their congregations certain votes and to see that they are duly deposited in the electoral urn. Notwithstanding all these efforts the Liberal party have triumphed. Formerly the eldest son of the King, now a young married man, made himself unpopular with the Liberals, by his intimacy with the Priesthood. But the power of Priestly rule is broken in Belgium and the young heir apparent to the throne is likely to side with the people. In several places, as at Antwerp, Protestant congregations have been broken up by a mob. The police have interfered, public sympathy has been excited and the congregations have

been greatly enlarged. The Abbe Camboldt both at Liege and in this city, has attacked the Protestants, calling the Bible Societies "infernal machines." This has led to discussions upon the right to read the Scriptures, attended by immense crowds, and in a few days two thousand Protestant pamphlets upon the subject have been sold to the people. Thousands of persons attended a Protestant funeral. The Pastor spoke with such fervor that the congregation clapped the speaker, crying, "Bravo! Bravo! success to the Protestants!"

At Liege, students of the University and multitudes of the people attend upon the instructions of the Rev. Mr. DURAND. Colporteurs and Bible Readers have great success. And as the result of this recent movement in this intensely Catholic Kingdom, there are more than fifteen thousand Protestants connected with more than forty Protestant congregations.

On our way from Rotterdam to Antwerp we passed Dort, the oldest city in Holland. Many villages in this region lay buried in their watery graves, and Dort seemed sinking. Here is the old castle prison from which GROTIUS, through the clever contrivance of his wife, escaped in a box. And here is the

old gothic building where, in 1618, the Synod of Protestant Divines made a full declaration of the Calvinistic faith.

We found Antwerp, the former capital of Belgium, a fine old city. It has been subject to remarkable changes. In the 16th century its population was 200,000. Princely merchants occupied its streets, and 2500 vessels sometimes lay at its docks. Then she was the queen of commercial cities. The Duke of Alva, the fiendish General of PHILIP II, of Spain, established here the Inquisition and undertook by force to make men Catholics. The silk manufacturers fled to England and 100,000 people left the country. For a time NAPOLEON made this city the place for his military depot, and the ruins of his great plans are still visible.

Holland commands the mouth of the river Scheldt, on which it stands, and its merchants having removed to Rotterdam the city is reduced to 90,000 persons. Antwerp is the birthplace of the Flemish school of painters. Here VANDYCK was born. But the great prophet of the city is REUBENS. Here we found his master-pieces; not only his Descent from the Cross, in the magnificent Cathedral, but the Altar Piece, by his own tomb. This is a holy family, in which his

own portrait represents St. GEORGE, his two wives MARY and MARTHA, his father St. JEROME, his grandfather Time, and his son an Angel. This picture is beyond praise. And we found that REUBENS was one of the few men who were enjoying the posthumous fame that so many have sought in vain. Here in Antwerp is his statue, his house and his tomb. Here are his descendants, Lords and Ladies, rich and respectable.

We saw in the yard of St. Paul's Church a horrible representation. On a high eminence of rock work was Christ upon the Cross, surrounded by statues as large as life. This is Calvary. In a grotto near by is the holy sepulchre and the body of Christ. Next comes Purgatory, with agonized figures struggling in the flames. We turned away in disgust, dreaming of barbarous and benighted lands.

In passing from Antwerp to this city we were reminded at Mechlin of the lace makers and at Vilvorde of TINDAL, the translator of the Bible into English, who was here strangled at the stake.

Brussels contains 135,000 inhabitants.— Here resides King LEOPOLD and his Court. The new town is finely built of white stone, upon the highest hill we have seen this side of Germany. The Palace is upon this emi-

nence, in front of an immense park of shaded walks and streaming fountains. The King is said to govern wisely for the peace and prosperity of his kingdom, and this inland city is said to be prospering. It is Paris upon a small scale. It is famous for its lace and carpets. We saw an establishment where women, with weakened eyes, were making lace by hand.

The most absorbing attraction at Brussels is Waterloo, twelve miles out. The sound of cannon kept ringing in our ears, and the lines of BYRON kept running in our heads, about the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the night before the battle, where, amid the revelry, once and again a deep sound is heard:

"And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before,  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar."

And then the rushing out to die. And then the heaps upon heaps in one vast burial.

The English supposed they were fighting for liberty, but we see now that it was for tyranny and popery. BONAPARTE was ambitious, but wherever he went Inquisitions and useless Convents were broken up, despotisms were crippled, industry was encouraged, and mind was awakened. We now see that through the lost field of Waterloo a dark wave of despotism and popery has rolled



itself over the fair fields of Europe. We spent yesterday upon that field. The first object there is an enormous pyramid of earth 200 feet high. There is a marble structure upon the top, upon which stands a prodigious lion with his right foot resting upon a globe. The most interesting spot upon the field is the Chateau of Hougoumont. Here was the hardest fighting. This was the front of WELLINGTON'S position. We saw the rude holes in the thick garden walls made for WELLINGTON'S cannon. His army on the rising ground behind could fire over these walls. This Chateau was never taken by the French.—As we stood upon that battle field and saw the position of each General and each army, the places of attack and repulse, the spot where prominent men fell—as we thought of NAPOLEON'S disappointment at GROUCHY'S absence, and of WELLINGTON'S joy at BLUCHER'S entrance; the frenzied attack of the Old French Guard, when all but NEY were slain; the fearful danger of NAPOLEON'S person, and the hurried flight of his shattered host, as we saw these places, and heard the venerable Sergeant MUNDY, an actor on that field, narrate its horrid particulars of blood and woe, the large party together were all weeping like children. We could not

help it. It was so sad, and ghastly and real. The burial ground of 30,000 men, smitten in a day. And when we entered the little museum and saw the broken swords, the torn coats, the rusty guns, the pierced helmets, and then looked out upon the great mound where "horse and rider, friend and foe," were all buried together, we could not but exclaim 'Are these earth's heroes, and is *this* all of earth's glory?'

Yours, truly, W. W. N.

## NO. XXVI.

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LONDON, July 17 1858.

Our last communication, dear friends, closed upon the field of Waterloo. As this was to end our sight-seeing upon the Continent, the question arose next morning, at our Hotel in Brussels, "How shall we reach London?" "Shall we take the cars for Calais and recross the Channel; or, shall we go to Antwerp, spend the night upon the North Sea, and run up the river Thames? The Sea might be unpleasant, but there are two things in its favor—the route is new to us, and cheaper to the party by twenty dollars. Suppose we decide it by vote? Ah! two for the Channel and two for the Sea. Unfortunate; what shall be done?" The young man, upon his own responsibility, throws up a copper and hurrahs for the Sea. Well, then, pack the trunks, call the carriage, and I will pay the bills. And now, "Driver, for the Antwerp station." We pass by the great Park; and here, cries one, is the old school house where CHARLOTTE BRONTE laid the scene of her "Villette," and there is the Duchess of Richmond's ball room, where the elite of Britain's

soldiers were assembled previous to the battle of Waterloo, and here is the old Cathedral of St. Gudule, and here is the Antwerp Station, and here is Antwerp itself. "Driver, take us to the London Steamer." We sail down the Scheldt into the open sea, and then farewell forever to the Continent of Europe.

How much have we seen and suffered!—What toil and joy! No storms or illness have detained us an hour. May the gratitude of our hearts correspond with the greatness of God's favors.

Soon after land is discovered in the morning we enter the Thames. We pass Gravesend, Woolwich Arsenal, the East India Docks, Blackwell, and Greenwich, with its palatial Hospital, surmounted with cupolas, and its Observatory, upon which we all depend for our longitude, and here are the old hospital gun ships, and here the Great Eastern, that will float an army. And now for miles the stream is crowded with ships, wherries, barges, vessels and steamers of all shapes and sizes. We land at last and take a carriage for our lodgings. And here upon our left is the Tunnel under the Thames, and here are the London Docks. The Docks of London are not near to the river, but hundreds of acres of land in the city are excavat-

ed and a place constructed for the water and the shipping. Next are the Royal Mint and the Tower. And there are London Bridge and the towering monument that commemorates the great fire of 1666. And now come in succession the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Strand. And on this way, through the heart of the great city, our horses walk in a line of carriages, of all sizes and shapes, from "The Noah's Ark" to the wheelbarrow; and what a rushing of pedestrians, shouting of men, snapping of whips and rattling of wheels.— And there before us are Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross, with the statues of NAPIER, NELSON, CHARLES I and GEORGE IV, and then comes Whitehall, where CHARLES I was executed, and CROMWELL's house, and Downing street, and then Westminster Abbey. But, "Driver, turn down Cecil street, from the Strand, ring at the old mansion facing the Thames." "Ah! GEORGE, a place for us?" "Yes; your old rooms are reserved, the trunks you left are safe, and here is a bundle of letters from America." Describe the joy of this hour!

The absorbing wonder of London is its vastness. Its present population is 2,500,000. And this host of beings may have air,

for the Thames flows through the city, and I have already found Parks enough to occupy two thousand acres of land. You cannot see across them. In the midst of London you may be lost in the country. Commencing with St. James Park, wherein is Buckingham Palace, the town residence of the Queen, you may walk all day amid the most varied and fascinating scenery. In Hyde Park, containing 388 acres, there is a pasture, filled with fat sheep and young children, all sporting together. Around the borders of these grounds are many miles of carriage way, thronged with splendid vehicles. There are hills, dales, woods, serpentines, ponds, canals, bridges, walks, shrubs and flowers. There are water fowl, statues, bands of music and vast collections of animals and curiosities.

And these two thousand acres are surrounded by fine dwellings and palaces. And yet with a continent at our command, American cities can hardly appreciate single squares. We have nothing worth the name of parks. New York should have immense grounds reaching from the Battery to Harlem; and every smaller city should at once appropriate hundreds of acres for the same purpose.

The largest building in London and the

largest Gothic edifice in the world is the House of Parliament. It covers eighteen acres of land. The foundation upon one side stands in the Thames. The facade upon the river is 900 feet long and is adorned with statues of the Kings and Queens of England from the time of William the Conqueror.—The other side of the building faces Westminster Abbey. The materials of this immense structure are stone and iron. Fire will not consume it. The princely Tower of Victoria is seventy-five feet square and three hundred and forty feet high. The Queen enters the house of Parliament through this Tower under a magnificent arch sixty-five feet high. In its unfinished state the building has cost the nation twelve millions of dollars. The next wonder of London is the British Museum. It is a city in miniature. There seems to be here a specimen of every being that ever lived and of everything that was ever made. It would take a week to walk through the rooms with any degree of attention. I can give you no description of the Egyptian, Assyrian and Etruscan galleries. I will not name the dozen entire collections of ancient and modern marbles and bronzes. Here is the Portland vase found three miles from Rome. In 1845 it was

smashed to pieces by a mad man, but is now repaired. Here is NAPOLEON's gold and diamond snuff box, with his miniature portrait. Here seems to be endless galleries, containing stones, birds, beasts, fish, plants and insects from the four quarters of the globe.—The Library contains more than half a million of books beside manuscript prints and paintings. Here is the largest collection of American books in the world. Here we saw the Magazine Bible, the first book ever printed. It is from the press of Guttenberg, in 1455. Here we saw autograph letters from most of the reigning monarchs and literary sovereigns of the last three centuries. The magnificent reading room is circular with a dome about the size of the Pantheon at Rome. This museum and many other British galleries are entered without fee.

The Tower of London is a vast succession of buildings surmounted with round towers and arranged around an open court yard.—It has been used as a citadel, a palace, a prison, a menagerie, a receptacle for crown jewels, an ancient armory and old relics. I hurried by the jewels and curiosities to see the Thames Gate, where SYDNEY RUSSEL, RALEIGH and CRAMNER passed as prisoners of state; the towers where ANNA BOLEYN, Lady



JANE GREY, GUY FAWKES and the Duke of Buckingham scratched their names in the prison walls; the room where the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of wine and the tower where the sons of EDWARD IV were murdered. On Tower Hill many of the prisoners of state were executed. I have no time to speak of the Marlborough House, the National Galleries, the Royal Palaces, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the public statues, streets, gardens and bridges, the Chapter House with its Domesday book and its wills of SHAKESPEARE, NEWTON and JOHNSON.— Oh! London, what a world of business, romance and antiquity thou art. I will bid thee farewell in Westminster Abbey. Not among the chapels and monuments of warriors, statesmen and monarchs, but *alone*, sadly and lovingly in the "Poets Corner."—"Here amid those who have sung all the songs of romance and beauty and who have experienced all the joys and woes and passions of life; here alone in a spot all covered with the dust of poesy and the traces of genius, I breathe forth the tearful sigh, 'farewell to London!'"

Yours in love and haste,

W. W. N.

## NO. XXVII.

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OXFORD, July 23, 1858.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS — During our first visit to London we heard some of the best speakers in Parliament, during our last visit we heard some of the best preachers. Early on Sunday morning we crossed the Waterloo bridge and walked two miles through the plebeian part of London, to hear Mr. Spurgeon at the Surry gardens. The music hall will hold 7000 persons. Having tickets we entered, and passed up to the 2d gallery. Soon the doors were opened and the crowd rushed in. Every seat was occupied. Mr. Spurgeon entered and kneeled over the Bible in silent prayer. The first words he uttered revealed to me one of the secrets of his power, a full, musical voice, with an utterance so distinct that every person in that vast assemblage heard the minutest syllable. The singing was grand. He lined out the hymns, and the choir behind the desk and the whole congregation sang with a *will*. Some persons have called Mr. Spurgeon a nobody. This is simply ridiculous. A congregation of six or seven thousand will not come together for years

to hear nothing. The sermon we heard was logical, somewhat intellectual, and highly practical. He makes remarks that are hyper-Calvinistic, exhorts his people to go home and repent, is sometimes wanting in refinement and good taste, and yet men are impressed and converted. He preaches without notes, is exceedingly fluent, and uses simple, forcible Saxon language. His hearers do not need a dictionary. He studies ancient authors and modern men. His thoughts are often quaint and strong, his illustrations are gathered from the whole universe of God, often moral pictures of dramatic interest. His manner is earnest and natural, he is bold, independent and pointed, and though unequal to some American preachers, I believe him destined of God to a great work. We were surprised to find himself and his lady so pleasant in their appearance and so very agreeable in private intercourse. They live six miles from town and have two little boys. He spoke to us warmly of America, and has some idea of visiting the country. But, said he, with warmth, "If I come, I shall come to work."

On Sabbath afternoon we heard the Rev. Capel Molyneaux, Chaplain of Lock Hospital, at Exeter Hall. This was a very remarkable service. The low-church Episcopalians of

London, anxious to reach the multitude that cannot be drawn into the Episcopal churches, raised a Committee to establish a free service on Sabbath afternoon in Exeter Hall. The Chairman of the Committee, the Earl of Shaftsbury, was seated next to the preacher, and Exeter Hall was crowded. The entire service was a novelty. There were neither notes, prayer book or a change of vestments. An American would call the sermon somewhat desultory, but it was evangelical, practical and earnest. At the end of the service, I could utter a hearty "Amen, God speed the movement."

In the evening we heard the Rev. Dr. Cumming, the distinguished author, and the minister of the National Scotch Church, Covent Garden. The house was full. The Dr.'s lecture was extemporaneous, expository, illustrative and entertaining. He told a capital story about Luther. On the presentation of our letters, we found him exceedingly genial for so noted a controversialist. I had made the remark that I did not believe he ever delivered a discourse without referring to Romanists. Singular enough, the first words I ever heard him utter were upon this subject. When I ventured to tell him this, he said, "many Catholics have been converted

under my preaching, among them the Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Duke of England became a communicant and continued a member of my church until his death." He said the Hon. Abbot Lawrence was for years a communicant in his church, and was any thing but a Unitarian. When begging one Sabbath day in his pulpit for a starving orphan family, he requested those who would contribute £5 to meet him in the vestry. "And who do you think," he says, "was the first man there with his £5? Mr. Buchanan, your President." He then added, "I like the Americans. I like their reading, it is original and spicy."

We have heard Dickens read in public. Since his domestic troubles a revulsion of feeling has come over his admirers. His loving, happy views of private life seemed to them the outbursts of his own experience. But the spell is broken. He has parted from his wife. But Dickens will always be popular with the poor and curiosity tends to swell the crowd. He looks faded and worn. His reading is good.

We supposed we had seen William Cobbett. At Madame Tussaud's inimitable collection, wax figures wear clothing. Mr. Cobbett sat winking and moving before a most attractive group. An impatient person, said,

in our hearing, "that man, with his Quaker hat, takes up more than his share of space and time." He finally gave him a push. To our utter surprise and amusement, it was William Cobbett, *in wax*.

Every person in London should make an excursion up the Thames. The hospital should be seen at Chelsea. At the Kew Gardens we saw the old family residence of George III, the magnificent palm house, the famous Victoria Regia and the most fascinating pleasure grounds. Next comes Hampton Court.—When Henry VIII received these palace grounds from Cardinal Woolsey he closed the gates and banished the people. The present Queen has opened to the public this world of treasure and beauty.

The most perfect excursion we made was to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This is the *Palace of the People*, and it is above and beyond all the palaces of kings. It designs to exhibit the peculiarities of the world. Wild beasts seem to be roaming over the grounds and monsters are upon the lakes. Within the stupendous building there are open apartments, representing the scenery, habits and people of each portion of the globe, the beautiful things of the modern world. There are daily concerts of music with hundreds of in-

struments and sometimes 1000 singers. Our day at Sydenham was above all description.

On our way from London we spent a day at Windsor. This castle palace is an immense pile of irregular buildings with round and octagonal towers. It stands upon the high bank of the Thames. From the loftiest tower we have a superb view of the Eton school upon the opposite bank. Modern kings of buried in the chapel, beneath simple slabs are marble. When Mr. Wyatt, the architect of these tombs, apologized to George III. for speaking to him upon the subject, he said, "It is a pleasant subject, and if God will I am ready to die this night." We rode through magnificent parks, 5 miles long, and saw thousands of deer. We saw a hall in the castle filled with the pictures of men who were engaged at the battle of Waterloo. It was called the Waterloo gallery. On the recent visit of Napoleon 3d, the name was changed. The Queen is said to shun Windsor on account of its publicity, and because of the many relics here of George 4th, her uncle, whose character she detests.

We find Oxford the most delightful town in Europe. It is covered all over with colleges, halls, churches, monuments, libraries, chapels, castles and museums, and all in the

richest styles of ancient and modern architecture. The space around these buildings is filled up with dwellings, walks, meadows, parks, groves and streams. Oxford is upon low ground between two small rivers. It contains 24 distinct colleges and halls, 25,000 inhabitants. A distinct letter should be written upon the peculiar beauties here. We have bowed with reverence before the monument to Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer who died here for the faith. We have spent much time in the Bodleian Library. If all the books in Oxford were gathered here it would far surpass the largest library in the world. But the sweetest place here is Addison's walk.— It is in a park connected with Magdalen College. Here are the winding stream, the old mill, the dark foliage, and distant glimpses of grazing deer, and green meadows, and palatial turrets, towers and spires. Here strolled Cardinal Woolsey, Hampden, Tindall, Gibbon, Addison and a host of celebrities, belonging to Magdalen College. And here we have sat down upon old hollow stumps filled with laurustin and have sunk into a revery of romance and sadness too sacred for words.

Yours, &c.,

W. W. N.



## NO. XXVIII.

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ABBOTSFORD, July 28, 1858.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS—In Addison's walk at Oxford, we were delighted to meet Rev. Mr. James and Rev. Mr. Gould, from America. They accompanied us to Warwick, Stratford and Kenilworth Castle. Warwick Castle is a perfect sample of old feudal times. The winding avenue is 20 feet wide, through solid rock, covered with hanging ivy. Here are towers, gateway, moat, portcullis, turret and battlement. The Earls of this castle are mingled with the history of England from the time of King Arthur. Here were the giant Guy and the King Maker; here the friends of Cromwell and of Charles 2d, of Elizabeth and of Philip Sidney. The castle stands upon a high bank of the Avon and we saw the old mill used by the family for centuries. The house is full of shields, helmets and antiquities.—Here Kings and Queens, Knights and Lords, have been entertained. Queen Victoria dined here recently. We saw her room as she left it. Here are the Warwick vase from Tivoli, and old cedars from Lebanon. The present Earl is obliged to be economical. We saw the children in a plain carriage.

We were charmed and excited beyond measure at Stratford. We found it a quiet old town, sleeping on the banks of the Avon. We rushed up to Shakspeare's house, stood in the chamber where he was born, looked into the chimney corner where he mused and saw the walls all covered with the names of Nobles, Commoners and Peasants. The church is charming. It is on the bank of the Avon, surrounded with graves. We approached it through rows of lime trees. In front of the altar we stood over the dust of earth's great genius. I trembled with exstacy and thanked God that one of the dreams of my life was realized. There I lingered entranced. It was so sweet, so still, so perfect, just as I would have it. We wandered down the bank and over the town, gathering facts and relics. Little is known of Shakspeare, and every body knows that little. He became rich, respectable, sober and it may be religious. His only son died young. No man bears his name, but all men revere it.

We found Kenilworth Castle a perfect ruin. It was surrounded with verdure and covered with ivy. By the witchery of Scott every tower seemed to be inhabited. The Earl of Leicester spent \$85,000 in a single entertainment given here to Queen Elizabeth. We saw

his room and hers and Amy Robsart's, and the place where the two ladies unfortunately met. How still and desolate now! As we stood and viewed "the gay and festive scene, the halls of dazzling light," all a ruin and its actors gone, all gone forever, we felt that the romance of our nature had a right to rule us, and it did.

At Birmingham we stopped at the famous hotel of the city, "the Hen and Chickens." This central manufacturing city, with its quarter of a million of inhabitants, far surpassed my anticipations. We were delighted with the Rev. John Angel James. On presenting my letters he was exceedingly fatherly and genial. He said, laughing, "I suppose you are a D. D." I said "no, we untitled men congratulate ourselves on being in company with Rev. John Angel James." "Ah," said he, "your country once gave me the degree, but I never could descend from an *Angel to a Doctor*." He called at our hotel, invited us to breakfast, gave us each one of his works, said he had preached in one place 54 years. On Sabbath afternoon we enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of hearing him. He spoke without notes, but with great fervency, point and power. By appointment I addressed his people upon the American revival. He added a word

and prayed with such earnestness that the interview might be blessed to one soul, that I felt that I was in the midst of a revival. He said he stood by the gateway of Heaven. He charged us to meet him there—and when he gave us his parting blessing, we felt that we had been blessed by a *Patriarch*.

From Birmingham we turned our faces in good earnest toward the great North. We reached York the first day. This is one of the old and respectable cities in England.—We were greatly interested in examining it, on account of its famous minster and its great activity in the civil wars between York and Lancaster. We were in time for the daily service in the Cathedral. There was no sermon. The reading was dull, but the singing performed by boys in canonicals, was exceedingly fine.

Newcastle on the Tyne we found a busy, populous, smoky, manufacturing city. This is the region so famous for coal. We passed on over poor soil, by tall chimneys and splendid castles. At the mouth of the Tweed we came to the walls, and bastions, and ditches of Berwick. We dined upon their fresh salmon. We were greatly excited at being in the border towns of Scotland. But they said that Edward VI, and Mary, Queen of Scots,

had made them a free town, and that they were neither Scotch nor English.

We spent last night at Kelso. This is not only Scotch, but as Sir Walter Scott has said, "It is the most romantic town in Scotland." We picked a flower in the grounds of the charming manse, on the banks of the Tweed, where Mary Lundie Duncan was born, and were happy to learn that her sister is wife of the present pastor. This morning we reached Melrose Abbey. It is just as Scott has painted it. We examined it within, we stood over the spot where lay the heart of the Royal Bruce. We viewed the outside from a stone in the grave yard where Sir Walter used to muse. We then climbed up into a little nook and dreamed long and sadly of *the past, the past, the past*.

We find Abbotsford three miles from Melrose. The situation is low. The building is an irregular gothic, covered with gables, buttresses, balconies and relics from all parts of Scotland. Inside, we find furniture presented by George IV, a green velvet note book left by Napoleon at Waterloo, and curiosities and arms from all the world. From the room where Sir Walter breakfasted with his literary friends, we look out upon the charming banks of the Tweed. And here is his study,

25 feet square. The sides of the high room are filled with books protected by an iron net work. And now we sit down at his writing table, in his leathern covered chair. And here is his little room which he called his "Speak a bit." And here are his blue coat and plaid trowsers, and large hat, and heavy shoes, just as he wore them last. Oh! it seems like a funeral, so sad and sweet. And here we talk about him with his old forrester servant, John Swardson, till he and we are all crying. Here was the most popular writer and the most loving friend in Europe dying in sorrow. He rose from obscurity, was made a Baronet by George IV, built his castle, formed his family and hoped to connect his name with a landed estate for all time. In a business partnership at Edinburgh, he failed for \$600,000. By intense writing for seven years he paid \$300,000. This broke his constitution. He was invited to visit Italy in a government ship. He came home dying. He rests in the old vine covered Abbey at Dryburgh. His baronetcy has become extinct by the death of his son. The husband of his grand-daughter is wealthy, but so nearly a Catholic that the Bishop of London refuses to consecrate the English chapel he has built there. They are here and have a son and two

daughters.\* In musing upon these crushed hopes of Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott, the prayer has gone up from my heart of hearts for me and mine, "O, God! give unto us a place in that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Sadly and truly your friend,

W. W. N.

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\*Since the above date, the mother, one of her daughters and her son, the only male descendant of Sir Walter Scott, have been gathered into the old burial ground at Dryburgh Abbey.

## NO. XXIX.

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EDINBURGH, Aug. 2, 1858.

Oh ! that our dear friends could share with us the joy of being in Scotland. We have passed the border and the heath, the field of Flodden and the Castle of Scotland's great Magician. We have viewed the Palace of Buccleugh and Roslin Castle. Nothing can exceed the contrast of these two places. The Palace is a perfect home, with an immense lawn of velvet green, and every variety of stream and flower, of hill and grove. Roslin Castle is a wild ruin on a wooded hill, too precipitous for a decent path. Up this Scottish glen, we also saw Hawthornden, an old, inhabited, ivy-covered castle, hanging from a huge precipice over a running stream. There is a hole in the side of the well leading to deep caverns in the earth, where such heroes as WALLACE and BRUCE used to be secreted. Passing the old residence of HUGH MILLER and Jennie Deans, Salisbury Craig and Arthurs's Seat, we reached our quarters in Prince street, too happy to rest.

Edingburg is a city of peculiar location and wonderful beauty. The highest central point



in the city is the Old Castle. For 700 years this fortress has stood perched upon a high precipice, bristling defiance to all the world. What a history of blood and woe have this castle and the Tower of London. Here JAMES 1st of England was born. From these battlements we look off some 30 miles beyond the Frith of Forth to the castle of Loch Leven, from which Queen MARY escaped. We see around the city, benevolent and scientific institutions, which have all the grandeur, and magnificence of palaces. At our feet, the city is divided into the new and old town by a long deep ravine. Flocks of sheep are feeding on one side, shrubs and trees are growing upon the other. Through the bottom of the gorge runs the railroad track, all embowered in verdure and foliage. As we look over to the new town, we see squares, statues, churches and palatial dwellings—all of light colored free-stone. Prince street, has buildings upon one side and the ravine upon the other. Here stands the magnificent monument to Sir WALTER SCOTT. Its talented architect died of dissipation before it was completed. Prince street runs out to Calton-hill, a bold, precipitous eminence, on which stand the elaborate monuments of BURNS, NELSON, DUGOLD, STEWART and PLAYFAIR,—

The old and new town are united by immense arches of hewn stone. On the old town side there are houses nine stories below the bridges and three stories above them. As we pass down from the castle upon the great street in the old town, parallel with the gorge, we find the new college, Dr. GUTHRIE's new church, St. Giles church, the old houses of Parliament, the room where EFFIE DEANS, was tried, the library and the bank of Scotland. A little to the right are Cowgate and Canongate, and the church yard where the old martyrs signed the league and covenant with their blood. On the left stands the house that was occupied by JOHN KNOX. At the bottom of the street, a mile from the castle, is Holyrood Palace. Here we have seen the room 12 feet square, where RIZZIO was killed in the presence of Queen MARY. Here are her bed and toilet as she left them 300 years ago. Just beyond the Palace are Salisbury Craig and Arthur's Seat. The latter is a bold steep hill, 700 feet high, commanding one of the most glorious and varied views on earth.

My first desire in Edinburgh was to see the place from which the exodus of the free church of Scotland occurred. This was St. Andrew's church. The state demanded sub-

mission of the church to the civil courts on points that sometimes interfered with the discipline of ministers, and sometimes led to the installation of ministers unacceptable to the parish. The help of Parliament was invoked in vain. There was no hope. The church must leave all for freedom. The general assembly was to meet at St. Andrew's. Great preparations had been made. The government and aristocracy laughed at the movement. The 18th of May, 1843, arrived.—Edinburgh was full. St. Andrew's, as described by an eye witness was crowded.—“The Moderator, Dr. WELSH, arose amid breathless silence. Instead of opening the assembly, he read a decided protest, then bowing to the Lord High Commissioner, walked down the aisle. Dr. CHALMERS hurried after, Dr's GORDON, McDONALD, CANDLISH, MACFARLAN and GUTHRIE followed. This sight was accompanied by cheers and tears. Row after row moved along the aisle, 'till more than 800 ministers and elders had left the assembly. The streets were crowded. Business was suspended. Three abreast, they passed through the crowd to the hall of Canonmills. Some gazed in wonder, some in scorn, some in tears, but most in silent admiration. Civil officers were greatly astonished and per-

plexed. When some one burst into Lord JEFFREY's room and told him the facts he threw aside his book, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I am proud of my country."—When 3,000 persons had crowded the hall, Dr. CHALMERS was proclaimed chairman, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs and the most enthusiastic cheering." They had relinquished a yearly revenue of half a million dollars. Most of the clergy went from that meeting without income and without a home. Several died from want and exposure. Six hundred congregations heard preaching mostly in the open air. Five hundred churches were built in a year. A general fund was raised for the clergy. But they had no parsonage, no manse. Dr. GUTHRE left his parish for two years, and resolved to secure a parsonage for every minister of the Free church. He succeeded, but ruined his health and was given over to die. He has recovered. But Dr. HANNA, the son-in-law of CHALMERS, is his colleague, and he preaches but once on the Sabbath.

One word in closing about the two men now most prominent in the Free church of Scotland. I have enjoyed the pleasure of breakfasting with Dr. CANDLISH, and of hearing him preach. At home he is kind but not

genial. In the desk his powerful reasoning grappled closely with the conscience, and his earnestness riveted the attention of the great congregation. His manner is peculiar. He starts up, springs forward, twitches his gown, strikes his forehead, throws back his hair and breaks out into most wonderful vociferations. He is said to be the most acute reasoner in Scotland. His congregation worship in the new town of Edinburgh, and are said to be the most wealthy assembly in the Free church. By procuring tickets, we secured seats in Dr. GUTHRIES' Church. The Dutchess of SUTHERLAND was present, and he is the favorite preacher of many of the nobility. His church is in the old town, near to the castle. After his entrance, the doors were opened and the crowd rushed in, standing even under the pulpit. The Dr. is very tall, and as he kindles up, he gestures with both hands and with his whole body. His arguments are full of life. His bounding imagination paints and dramatizes the truth, and his great heart humanizes it and brings him into perfect sympathy with his hearers. His illustrations are gorgeous, his brogue is rich, and his language most extraordinary.—Like CHALMERS himself, he carried us all away. Yesterday, we supped with him. He has a wife and ten children.

The Dr's conversation is perfectly fascinating. He told me that he wrote his sermons, conned them over and left them at home.— He told us about the covenanters and the free church movement HUGH MILLER's derangement and Sir WALTER SCOTT's imbecility.— After supper, he proposed a walk to the cemetery. CHALMERS, his companion, HUGH MILLER, and an elder in his church, and Rev. Mr. DICKINSON, of Philadelphia, rest together; and over their graves this wonderful man poured forth a torrent of anecdote eloquence and piety, almost enough to raise them from the dead. At 10 o'clock, we had a repast of oat meal, eggs and tea. About midnight, he followed us to the gate and we took our leave forever of earth's most fascinating companion, and Scotland's most popular preacher. Yours, in haste and love.

W. W. N.

## NO. XXX.

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AMBLESIDE, Lake Country, Aug. 11, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—About two miles from Edinburgh we took the steamer for Sterling. We passed up the Firth of Forth until it wound through the meadows like a coiled sea-serpent. With Burns we could sing on our way,

“What rural sweets profusely throng,  
The flowery links of Forth along.”

Toward evening the castle of Sterling appeared perched upon a high, rocky hill, hanging directly over the river below. The back slope of this hill is covered by the town. This castle was the home of the old kings of Scotland. Every inch of it has its legend of blood and wonder. Here are the old State dungeons and the small, quaint room where the unfortunate Queen Mary was confined. In the armory we saw the pulpit from which John Knox thundered forth his majestic eloquence. Here Scotland's heroes figured.—Just opposite the castle, across the Forth, is the precipitous hill upon which Wallace fought. The Scotch are about erecting a monument on this prominence to his memory.—The lawn which we see in the opposite direc-

tion, stretching up to those grand old woods, is the field of Bannockburn. The Scotch covered this field with hidden pits, and here, 500 years ago, the immortal Bruce delivered his country and triumphed over Edward II, the haughty King of England.

It was our intention to have spent but one night in Sterling, but we were forcibly detained by one of God's noblemen, Mr. Peter Drummond. During the last eleven years Mr. Drummond has published over 22 millions of tracts at an expense to himself of over \$10,000. For six years he has published the British Messenger, a truly able and religious periodical, edited by the accomplished author, Rev. William Reid. He is a leader in every good work. His home is an Eden. After dining with him he insisted that we should meet some friends at his house at supper, and that I should attend the union prayer meeting at the church, and give some account of the American Revival. We had a loving, christian, heavenly time. On leaving Sterling, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Reid and others met us at the Depot, and with many presents and kind words bade us adieu, with all the affection of old friends.

From Sterling we started in the cars for the highlands of Scotland. Passing Dunblane



and Doune we came to Callender. Near to Callender we passed the "Cambusmore House," where Sir Walter Scott conceived the idea of writing his "Lady of the Lake." Here we took coaches for the Trossacks. We passed up Loch Vennacher, on whose banks of "prickly gorse and coarse fens" Roderick Dhu assembled his clan. After two more small lakes and many wild hills, we entered the Trossacks. The Trossacks are a thickly wooded glen, a mile and a half long, between two wild and lofty mountains. At the termination of this ravine we went on board a funny little steamer and passed up Loch Katrine. This was the scene of Fitz James' adventures, and upon these banks and islands Douglass and his daughter were concealed. Here Rob Roy was born. This was the northern extremity of our travels. From Katrine we passed in coaches to Loch Lomond. We found the inn at Inversnaid, on the banks of the Loch, directly under an immense frowning highland. A mountain stream came rushing and foaming down the precipice, which we viewed from a little foot bridge. This was one of those nooks of beauty one can never forget. We lounged upon grass covered banks and moss-covered rocks, while the heath and the foxglove, the pride of the meadow and the hea-

ther bell flourished around in the greatest wildness and profusion. On our way down the Loch we passed Ben Lomond, whose grand summit towers high above the surrounding highlands. At the southern extremity of the Loch we took the cars for Glasgow. After passing magnificent castles, mouldering ruins and Dumbarton on the Clyde, we reached the great manufacturing city of Scotland. Our hotel looked out upon a beautiful square containing the statues of Watt and Sir Walter Scott. I was greatly surprised at the extent and beauty of Glasgow. Fifty years ago it was a manufacturing place with 70,000 people, now it is a magnificent city of half a million. Then Kelvin Grove was a distant territory, now it is a splendid park, with stream and lawn, with hill and wood. The music here was equal to London or Paris, Rome or Venice. The established church in Scotland is Presbyterian. The prominent preachers in Edinburgh belong to the free church, in Glasgow they belong to the establishment. The most popular preacher in Glasgow is Mr. Caird. We were at his house and his church. He preaches in the finest part of the city and his beautiful church is always full. His sermons display much thought and good taste. When he speaks without notes his manner is

exceedingly free and energetic. His name was early proclaimed to the world by his sermon before the Queen of England. We were at Dr. Wardlaw's old church. We also heard a good Presbyterian sermon in the old cathedral so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. In the cemetery upon the hill adjoining, we found the most costly and elaborate monuments. As we stood over the cenotaph of Knox, a Londoner present exclaimed, "Scotland owes her freedom, religion and prosperity to that one man." However this may be, with the exception of dram drinking, the Scotch are wonderfully intelligent, moral and orthodox. Through the efforts of Mr. John Henderson and others, immense numbers of books have been distributed among the working people, and the dram shops of Glasgow are closed upon the Sabbath. The quiet of the Sabbath in this great city seemed like a New England town. The example of these merchant princes, Peter Drummond upon the Firth of Forth, and John Henderson upon the Firth of Clyde, I wish to present to my countrymen. Their names will live in the hearts of thousands when the simply rich or great are gone and forgotten.

We left Glasgow greatly excited with the idea of seeing the last home and the grave of

Burns. We arrived at Dumfries in the evening. After breakfast we went to the small, one story house, in which he so long lived, and to the little chamber where he died. We sat down in his pew in the old kirk, and we lingered long over the splendid monument that covers his body in the beautiful churchyard. It is a classic, octagonal, marble building, surmounted with a dome. He had once said that the genius of poetry had found him at the plough, as Elijah had found Elisha.— This is represented in marble. Under the dome Burns is looking up to the genius of poetry, who is throwing her mantle over him, while with his left hand he has hold of a plough. A most charming and spirited thing. Burns was the sweet bard of Scotland, and is still loved as her first poet. Prof. Wilson says that “Burns loved men and sunshine, grass and flowers to the end; that his sceptical doubts flitted like shadows away, and that he had at last the faith of a christian.” He has two sons in England, both men of wealth and respectability.

On our way from Dumfries we passed Greta Green, Carlisle, and Penrith. At Kendall we took the train for this Lake Country, in the north of England. Last night we found Ambleside crowded with tourists. We final-

ly secured lodgings in a sweet little ivy covered cottage occupied by Miss Martineau's gardener. This romantic region of lake and mountain has for years been the rural home of the English Poets. Here were Coleridge and Southey. Oh! that I had room for a full sketch. This has been a day of enchantment. We have rowed five miles on Lake Windermere. We have seen the old homes of Prof. Wilson and Mrs. Hemans, of H. Coleridge and DeQuincy. We have bathed our hands in Rydal Lake and have lingered long on Rydal Mount. This old home of Wordsworth is on the side of a steep hill, buried in ivy and roses. We have sat down upon his mound of soft grass and velvet moss. We have caught glimpses of the wild hills and sweet lakes. We have copied the verses he inserted in the rocks, upon brass plates. We have seen his playing grand-children.— We have received from his old gardener, James Dixon, some seeds of his favorite fox glove. We have lounged upon his rustic seats, by the spring, in the wild glen. But the voices of these Poets are hushed in death. And he, the sweet minstrel of nature, sleeps in the church yard at the bottom of the hill. A few weeks later the widow of Wordsworth, 88 years old and blind, was laid by his side. And now,

"farewell to ye all." Farewell ye hoary lands,  
for we must away to the sea. May God de-  
liver us from its dark depths.

Sadly and truly your friend,

W. W. N.

## NO. XXXI.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1859.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS:—After several days at Liverpool, we gathered down to the steamer. Such heaps of baggage, such crowds of people, such affecting adieus! Finally the gun fires and we are off for the sea. As we move away a shout goes up for the “Hero of Kars.” This distinguished gentleman was not only on our steamer but at our table. We have found him a brave, talented, genial, unpretending, handsome man. In our long talks in the saloon and on the quarter deck, we have led him over his old battle fields and around the homes of our Turkish missionaries, whom he has loved and befriended as a brother. But how was Gen. Williams “the hero of Kars” when he surrendered that place to the Russians? I have learned from English authorities that he there detained a Russian force twenty times the size of his own. That his Turkish officers were against him because he exposed their peculations and reformed their discipline. He implored help from the Crimea, but Pellissier neglected him because the French had no interest in the Asiatic pos-

sessions. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, left unnoticed fifty-four of his despatches for help because he was said to be jealous of his rising power. The Sultan was well disposed but incapable.

Shut up in this little town, away in the eastern mountains of Armenia, the Russians bought up his spies and intercepted his provisions. He repulsed an immense Russian army with such slaughter that he was five days in burying their dead. And when starvation and the cholera were carrying off a hundred men in a day and there was no hope of relief, he capitulated upon his own terms. Eighteen men fell dead while marching out. When the brave Russian, Gen. Monravieff, saw the roots on which he was living, he exclaimed, "Gen. you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at your endurance, courage and discipline." Through all this the Gen. was the idol of the army. At parting, they cursed the Pasha and kissing the Gen.'s stirrups prayed the blessings of Heaven upon his head. In England he was received with acclamations. The Earl of Granville eulogized him in the house of Lords. The house of Commons voted him a life annuity of £1000. The Queen conferred on him a baronetcy with the title of "Sir Wm.



Fenwick Williams of Kars." [Gen. Williams has since been appointed Commander General of the troops in Canada.]

This was the man whom we found as loving and as genial as a child. But we love him especially for his enthusiastic admiration of our Turkish missionaries. He had been their sworn friend in Turkey, and had taken every public occasion in London to extol their characters. It was on this account that the clergy of Portland gave him a public reception.

But I must hasten from the passengers to the passage. It was a rough summer upon the sea. The Telegraph lines were laid with difficulty. Going and coming we encountered severe weather. One night of great anxiety I shall never forget. A few of us had gathered in the Dr.'s room on deck. The darkness was terrible, the winds were wild, the waves broke in fury over us. The pitching and howling were terrific. Trying to be cheerful amid this awful desolation, we sang "Home, Sweet Home," and then a sacred piece, and then the tears would stream and the voices would falter, 'till at 11 o'clock we sat there confessedly vanquished. Then after each breaking wave, one at a time was helped below. There a beautiful woman, with dis-

hevelled hair, was crying "Capt., shall we go to the bottom?" The winds increased. They howled a tornado. A wave would strike the ship like a fifty ton weight, like an infuriated avalanche, mountain, iceberg. The ship would stand a moment, quiver like an aspen leaf, then roll away, plunging down and down till it seemed as if she would never right again. One wave stove into our cabin. The fury of the storm increased till 4 o'clock. Then one huge wave broke over the main-mast, fifty feet above the deck. The waters rolled over our heads like a mighty rushing river, while I exclaimed, truly O God, "all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." Oh! the grandeur and desolation of that night. It was not so much present danger, but who could tell the end? Here was the presence and power and majesty of God. Man was nothing, the ship was nothing, it was all God. This was the most terrific night at sea, but not the most hazardous. On reaching the banks a fog covered us, a dense, night fog. The steamer was groping at full speed. The fog bell tolled, or the steam whistle screeched like a sea monster performing "the miserere at a burial service" upon the vast deep. Icebergs had been reported. They would not heed our noise. We were near Cape Race.

Ships were around us. Here the Arctic came in collision and went down. Here we were to meet the Persia. We afterwards learned that, a few days before, the Arabia had here run into the Europa, and that the Persia had gone round to St. Johns, N. F., for the passengers. And when at last the fog bank roll-away and Cape Race light appeared, and Gen. Williams called me up to see "land ahead," and that land was my own country, the thoughts and hopes of home swept over me in such a tide of emotion that, though a thousand miles away, I praised God with thanksgivings.

We had rough weather all the way to Halifax. As it was known that the Hero of Kars was on board, we found on entering the harbor that the town was illuminated, the wharves were crowded and the noise of the big guns from the citadel and the flag ship were reverberating round the hills and over the bay. It was an exhilarating scene. We parted from the General with most earnest prayers for his prosperity. As the Mayor and people bore him away we followed the torch-light procession till he entered a dwelling and we saw him no more.

Nothing could exceed the peacefulness and brilliancy of the weather and the sea during

our passage to Boston. As we sailed up to the wharf, friends were there to greet us. And in a little time we were sitting down to dinner with a company of loved ones who had gathered to welcome us.

And now we start for home. HOME! What meaning in that little word. What exuberance of joy and thankfulness at the thought. Ten thousand miles passed in safety, and now we are nearing home. Somebody says that the happiest part of going abroad is the getting home. As we found it so I will sketch the scene, or rather I may as well give you the sketch of another, that appeared last evening in the New York Evangelist:

"A PASTOR WELCOMED.—We noticed last week the return of Rev. W. W. Newell, Pastor of the 1st Ward Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, from a summer European tour. Mr. Newell was accompanied abroad by his accomplished wife and their eldest son and daughter. The members of his congregation, as we learn from the Syracuse Journal, improvised a very pleasant surprise welcome at his return. Over the doorway of his residence, in beautiful letters of evergreen, were arranged the words "Welcome Home." All unconscious, the travelers were taken into the parlor to meet the family. Directly the doors opened

and to their utter surprise the parish poured in from every part of the filled house. The Pastor and his family were much affected by these marked tokens of esteem, and reciprocated in the warmest manner every expression of love and confidence. The hours of the evening were passed in pleasant conversation, in singing and in partaking of refreshments which had been bountifully supplied by the visitors. The organist of Mr. Newell's church played some original and appropriate airs.— And when the adieus of the evening were said and the house was still, a serenade of sweet, singers struck the song 'Home again from a foreign shore,' and thus enlivened the moonlit hours and sent the fatigued travelers to the refreshment of needed rest and pleasant dreams."

Very truly your friend,

W. W. N.

# HOW TO TRAVEL ABROAD.

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Every expectant Tourist is in doubt about his preparation for the journey. At the desire of several friends, I have prepared a brief paper expressly for his benefit. One of the earliest things to be decided upon is

## THE ROUTE.

After much study and some experience, I have come to the settled conviction that, for a limited summer tour, the route described in these sketches is preferable to all others. I will propose one deviation. From Cologne you may make an excursion of ten days, visiting Leipzie, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg, and thus on to Amsterdam.

## THE AMOUNT OF TIME.

The facilities for traveling upon the Continent are so great at present, that this tour, if industriously pursued, may be made in five months. This is the least moment of time that should be allowed.

## THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

If this tour is made in the summer, the middle of April is the time for leaving America. This is an essential point. This brings you to London by the first week in May, in

time for the Parliament, the Queen, and the religious Anniversaries. It brings you to Rome the first week in June, in time for one of her grandest festivals, the "Corpus Christi day," and if the eruption of Vesuvius shall prove an *anniversary incident*, you will be in season for that. But the essential points are the heat and malaria of Southern Italy. No man visits New Orleans for pleasure in August. Thousands are too late for Italy. After the expense and trouble of crossing the Atlantic they return with life-long regrets that the country most wonderful for beauty and monuments is forever unseen. What foreign traveler would be satisfied without seeing Vesuvius and Pompeii, Naples and Rome, Florence and Venice? Others endanger their comfort and their lives through ignorance. A young friend of mine, with plenty of money and time, was found sweltering over the Pontine Marshes, in August, when Rome was deserted and one-third of the harvesters were dying in the field. If Naples is reached by the 20th of May you may work your way north with comfort and pleasure.

#### EXPENSES.

The *necessary traveling expenses* of this tour do not exceed \$800. With this sum one will sail in first class steamers, and, except in Ger-

many, he will travel in first class cars, and he will stop at first class hotels. In London we were directed to a private house for travelers, at No. 12 Cecil street, Strand. We found the house central, quiet, moderate in its charges, and beautifully located on the banks of the Thames. Such houses are numerous. In Paris our meals were taken at the Restaurant. Rooms everywhere are a separate charge. Always see and bargain for them before your carriage is dismissed, and you avoid all imposition and discontent. Remunerate the smallest service done you. Learn from travelers and Guide Books what ought to be paid, for extra services, and when a previous bargain cannot be made pay what you ought and pass on. Always have small coin on hand for the crippled and the blind.

#### THE WAY TO ECONOMIZE.

Some persons reduce their expenses by sailing in packets. I should much prefer the fore cabin of a steamer, as it lessens the time at sea, and enables you to calculate with some degree of confidence. A young man, or a student, may save more than one-third of the \$800. He may take the fore cabin of the ocean and Mediterranean steamers. He may ride in the third or fourth class cars. He may occupy the highest rooms at the hotels. He



may everywhere take his meals at the restaurant. He may get his own passport *visé* instead of having it done from his hotel. *He may wait upon himself.*

#### THE ARRANGEMENT OF FUNDS.

If deposited in a house in one of our Atlantic cities, connected, for example, with the house of Baring & Brothers, London, that firm on his arrival will give him a letter of credit to a banker in every prominent city in Europe. Napoleons are a gold coin that will pass everywhere upon the continent. No other money should be carried from one kingdom to another. To provide for sickness, accident or purchases, each traveler should deposit \$1000. If not used it will draw interest.

#### PASSPORTS.

Passports are obtained, without expense, from our Secretary of State at Washington. Application may be made directly to him or to our Representative in Congress. But one passport is needed for a whole family. In the application an exact statement must be made in reference to your age and height, the size of your forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, the color of your eyes and hair, and the number of the family by whom you are attended.— This passport should be *visé* at London, by the Ambassadors of the U. S., France, Prus-

sia, and Austria, at Paris, by the Ambassadors of Naples, Sardinia, Tuscany and the Papal States. This precious document is always needed. It should be placed in a pocket made for the purpose inside the vest.— Without money you are a beggar but without the passport you are a vagabond.

#### BAGGAGE.

Warm clothing and Scotch blankets are needed at sea. Leave most of your luggage in London. There or here select a common sized, round topped, leather trunk. Washing can be done any where in one day. Baggage is constantly weighed and examined and much of it proves a great expense and a terrible annoyance. In the round top of the trunk hundreds of engravings and small paintings even, may be carried without injury.

Room should be left for the small articles you will wish to purchase.

#### CUSTOM HOUSES.

With the exception of cigars, purchase what you please for your own use. Put the most suspicious things in sight, be always ready with your key and you will escape annoyance.

#### LANGUAGES.

To speak the language of each country is a great saving and a great pleasure. You can

make your way however with a few words of German and Italian and a good knowledge of French. What you know must not be in books but at your tongue's end. At the best hotels there are French or English servants and guides.

#### LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION

are not needed to American Ambassadors and Consuls. A few such letters to foreigners of distinction may prove sources of great pleasure. But few will be used, as their delivery consumes much time.

#### LETTERS FROM HOME.

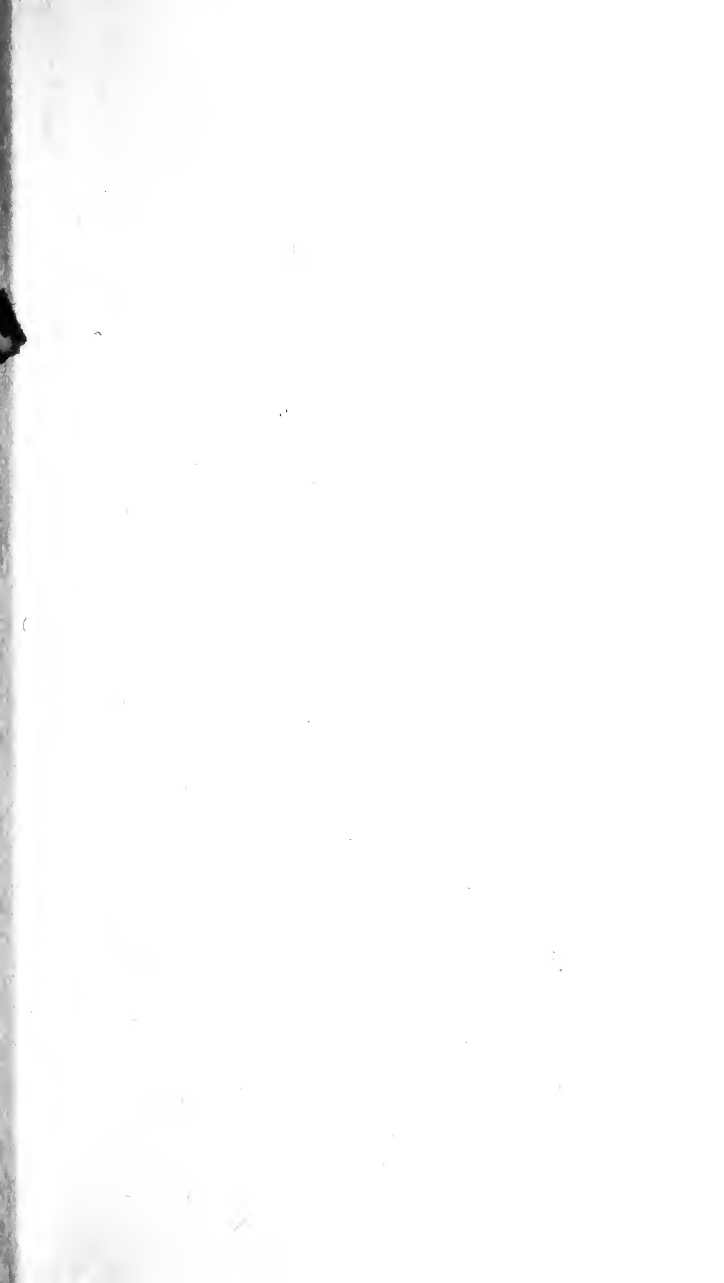
Nothing is more depressing than the failure of expected letters from home. We left in the hands of our correspondents the days of the month when we expected to reach certain cities. They directed to that city one month previous to date, and we always had letters. Write legibly and put upon each letter "Poste restante."

These suggestions may seem like "little nothings," but for the want of them I have seen men driven to temporary phrenzy and fever, to madness and despair.

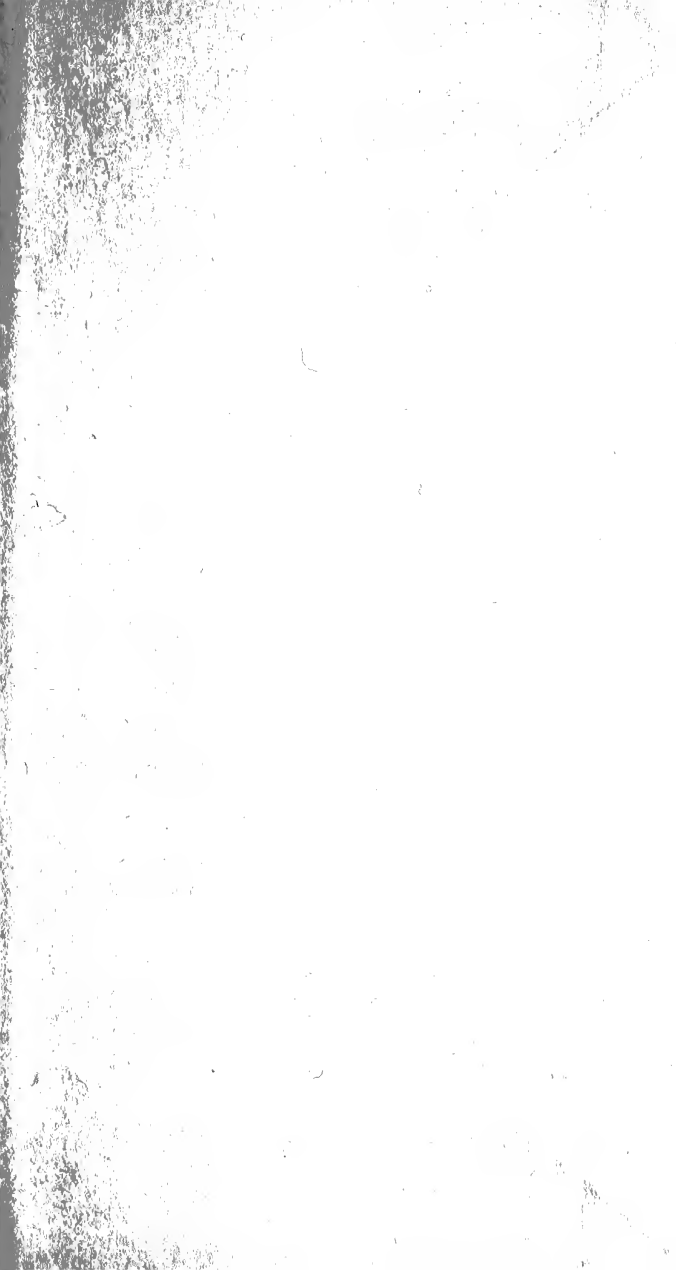
And now, with the hope that these imperfect sketches have not proved entirely barren

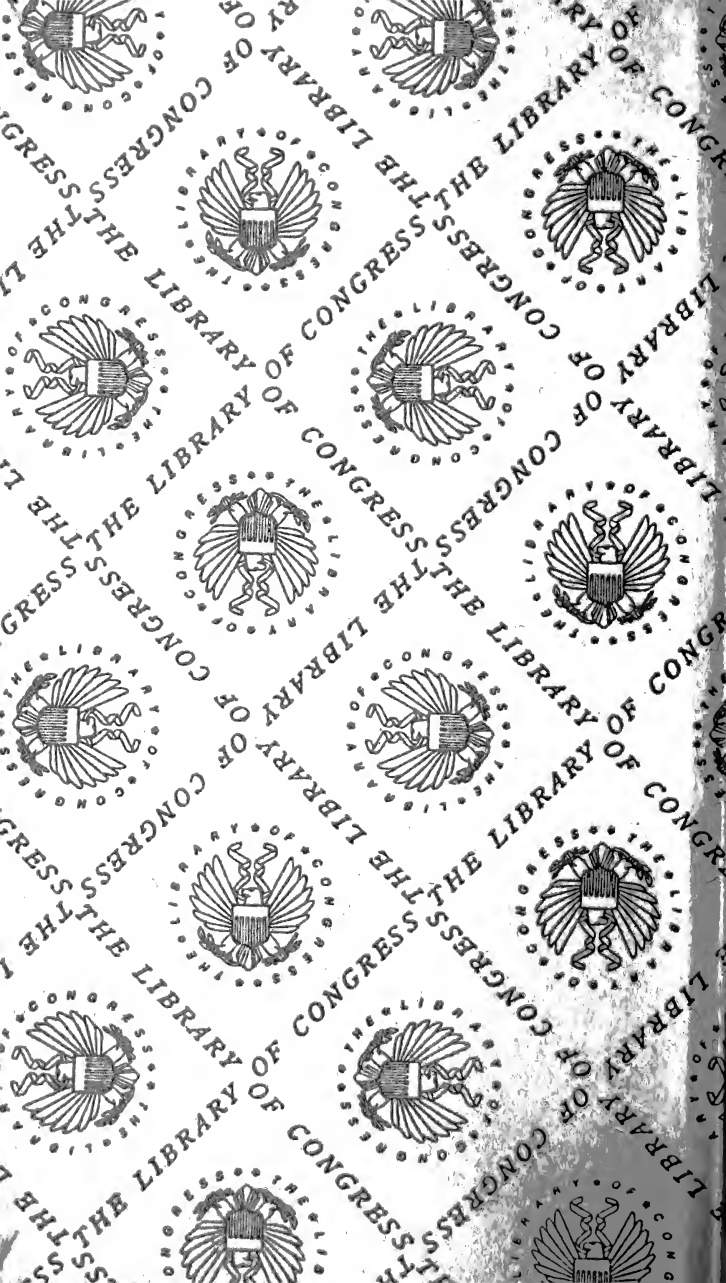
of interest to my friends, and with the prayer that the end of all our varied travels may be the same bright home in Heaven, I bid you a last loving farewell.

W. W. NEWELL

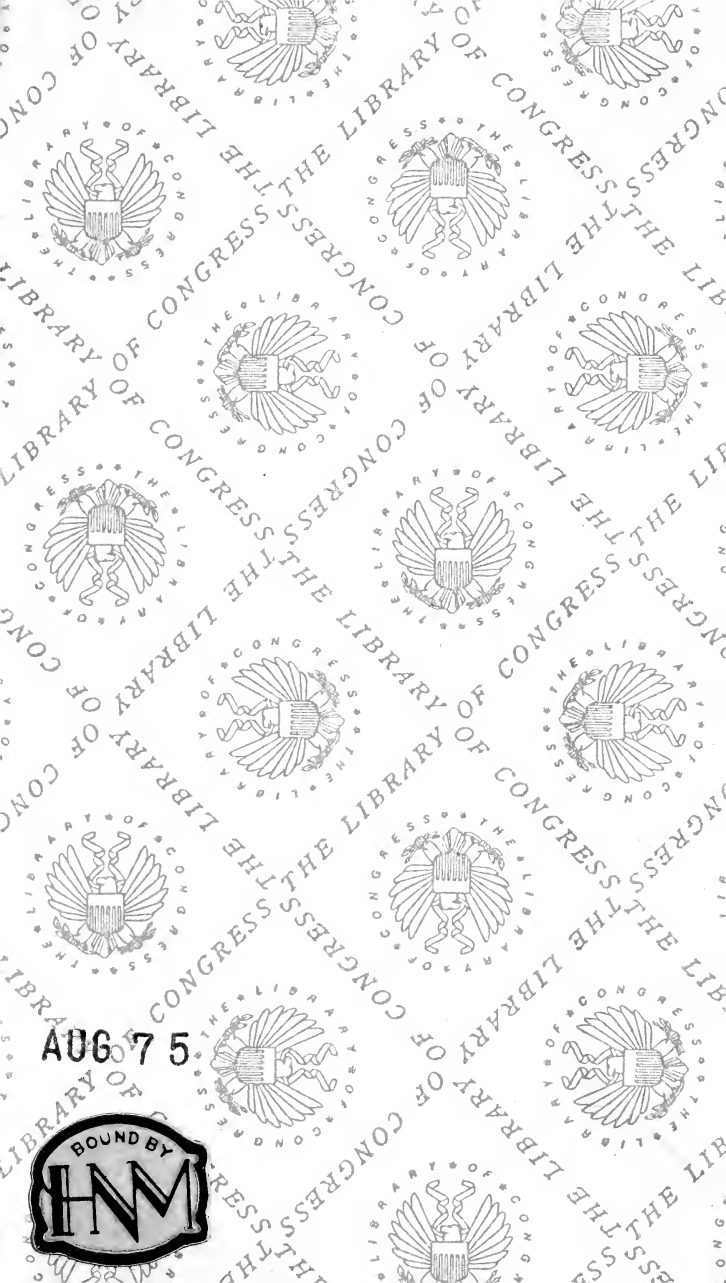












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